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BOB-WHITE

# State Normal Magazine.

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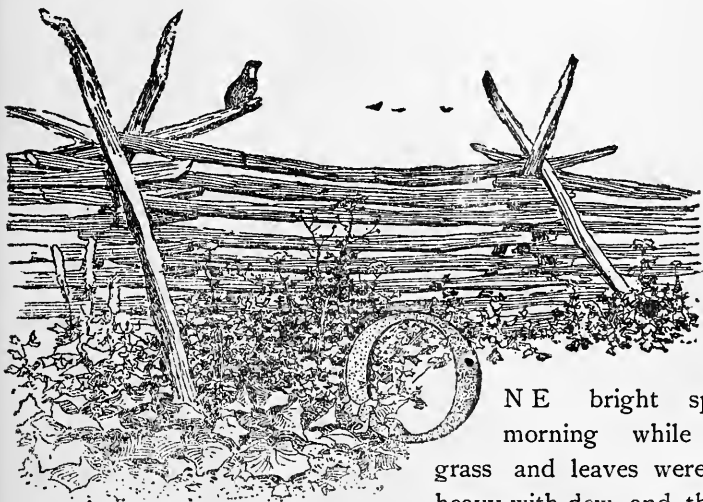
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## A BOB-WHITE FAMILY.\*



NE bright spring morning while the grass and leaves were yet heavy with dew, and the air

was still as if the world was hushed in the presence of such a per-

\*From "Stories of Bird Life," by T. Gilbert Pearson. Illustrated, 12mo. 60 cents. B. F. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Va.

fect day, a fine male partridge walked the top rail of a farm fence and loudly whistled his favorite note. "Bob-white, bob-white," he seemed to say.

Over the meadow land and the corn field floated the call. Down the lane and through the plum orchard it rang, until it reached the ears of Farmer Levering standing in the doorway of his house. A smile rested on the good man's face, for forty years of toil in the fields had not worn from his heart the love he bore for living nature. He was soothed by the quiet morning, and the warming sunshine and the dew on the cornfield and the whistle of the partridge ringing through it all, while memories of other days floated through his mind.

The farmer's son also heard the note and paused to listen as he saddled his horse. He, too, smiled, but thought of the autumn and the time for dogs and guns. Perhaps the old barred owl in his hollow hickory in the bottomland woods drowsily heard the sound and twisted his wise old face into a smile, and licked the inside of his bill at the thoughts which came before he dozed off again into dreamland.

There was still another that heard the whistle. This was a plump female quail on the ground not far away. Whether she smiled is not recorded, for she remained hidden in the grass and admiringly watched the splendid appearance of the figure on the fence. Quietly she answered in the low, ladylike manner of her sex.

For half an hour the partridge on the rail remained at his post, calling and indulging in much self-satisfied strutting, which showed the brilliancy of his feathers to good advantage. Then, the dew having partially dried, he flew down and led his mate away through the grass and beneath the overhanging leaves of the growing corn. By bounteous attention and expressions of affection he paid his tribute to the god of bird love, as winged creatures have done ever since the days when birds first sang, and loved, and mated.

Ah! those which followed were glorious days about the Levering farm. For the voices of many spring birds filled the fields and

the swamp lands and the pine forests all about, and the quail with his mate lived and whistled and, on tireless legs, roved through it all.

Close to a rail fence the nest was built beneath a bunch of grass, and day by day, for nearly two weeks the white eggs it contained grew in number. Then for many days the mother brooded over her treasures, keeping them warm and guarding the nest from danger. Her mate fed her and at times even sat in the nest while the tired one went away to exercise and search for food.

Out into the field one day the parents came with their family of babies. Thirteen little brown, fuzzy, down-covered balls were these chicks, for all the eggs had hatched. It was only that day that each white shell had opened before the vigorous pecking of the little bird inside, and let out its prisoner. No weaklings were these bob-whites. They had no notion of remaining in the nest and being fed like young sparrows. No sooner had the sun and wind dried their downy coats than they were ready and anxious to start afield with their parents.

Great was the anxiety of the old ones that day, for they had so many duties to perform. Nourishment must be found for mouths which as yet had never tasted food. The grass must be watched for lurking cat or skunk, or gliding snake. One eye must be kept open for dogs or men. The sky must be watched for the murderous hawk, while all the time great care must be exercised to keep the family together.

As Farmer Levering was crossing the meadow he heard, a short distance in advance, the rapidly repeated warning clucks of a partridge. At the same moment he caught sight of a number of small downy objects, hurrying with low whistling cries in all directions. Hardly were they seen before all had disappeared. Beneath blades of grass, under the edges of upturned clods, lying flat in the open, anywhere, everywhere they had hidden. As if by magic all had vanished, and search as carefully as he might not one could be found. Two adult birds, apparently in great pain and distress, were fluttering along the ground eight or ten yards away.

The farmer did not follow or attempt to catch these shrewd old parents. Well did he know their secret, nor would he have harmed either the old birds or their young. It was a beautiful sight to him, this devotion of the parents, as they recklessly risked their lives for their offspring.

The kind man passed on, thinking with joy of the partridge family and the good they would do on the farm that summer if mishap did not befall them. He thought of the numbers of harmful insects they would destroy; of the potato bugs they would kill; of the hosts of cutworm moths they would eat, and the quantities of noxious weed seeds they would consume. "They are a great blessing to any farm," he said, "and not one word of evil have I ever heard spoken against them."

Many are the troubles which visit the young bird's pathway of life. A limit has been set upon the undue increase of any species of bird, and this is a law of Nature: *The number of young brought into the world by a species varies with the destructiveness of its natural enemies*, and so it is that the robin lays few eggs and the quail many. The second day out from the nest, one of the little bobwhites was stepped upon by a horse galloping about the pasture. The next day one sickened and died. A third was caught by a prowling cat. Another fell into a deep hole and never got out again.



When some weeks had passed and the young had learned much about taking care of themselves, the mother suddenly forsook the family. Close beside a rarely used road which ran through the open pine woods, she scratched a slight hollow in the ground at the base of a small pine, lined and covered it over with grass and there layed another setting of eggs.



In due time a second brood appeared. Fifteen more little fuzzy balls of life started on that long journey, fraught with so much danger, from the days of down toward the days of feathers.

Scarcely had their mother led them from the nest when a storm came on. For hours the rain fell in torrents. Water ran everywhere. The road was turned into a stream. In the woods it stood in pools. Night closed down and the storm continued. In vain did the anxious partridge strive to cover and protect her brood. The water rose under her. The little ones became soaked and chilled; some were drowned outright. When the light came again and the rain had ceased only six small voices were able to cheep a feeble response to their mother's calls.

The two families, now depleted in numbers, united. Father and mother, big brothers and sisters, and little brothers and sisters, all associated together. When danger came near, the young of the first brood would take wing and seek safety in flight. On sounding pinions they would burst away with a loud whir, from the very feet of the astonished intruder. Rising but a few yards from the earth they would soar rapidly away to a safe distance and alight again on the ground. The baby ones would run, peeping to the nearest leaf, or stick, or bunch of grass beneath which they could hide.

Thus living together they spent the summer, making their daily rounds through meadow, and field, and forest, the parents ever watchful for enemies, the young growing larger, swifter of foot, and stronger of wing, while each hour bore them farther and farther from the days of babyhood.

## II.

One evening the bob-white family settled to roost among the long wire grass which grows everywhere in the pine woods. The tall trees about wore their habitual coverings of slender green needles, but the bright colors which painted the leaves of the deciduous trees at the back of the farm quickly revealed to the eye that autumn had come.

Only twelve of the partridge family of thirty now remained. Their history, like the history of every bird family, had been a series of tragedies, as one by one their numbers fell a prey to some enemy, a fate which sooner or later must befall even the strongest and the swiftest bird. This afternoon they had been feeding in the field, eating weed seeds as well as grains of corn which had been left on the ground at harvesting. As insects become less numerous in the fall, the birds must depend more and more on a diet of this character.

All in a bunch the covey of partridges crouched with their tails together and heads pointed outward in all directions. The farmer's dog, while scouting about with no apparent object passed near them. In an instant they were all upon the wing, each taking a separate course. Two of the number did not come to earth, but flew up on the lower limb of a pine nearby. In a few minutes the "scatter call," consisting of two or three low, anxious notes, was being sounded as the members of the disunited family sought each other again before going to sleep.

One of the birds in the pine tree tarried for a time on his new found perch. Just what happened to him will never be written. But this much is known, the big swamp owl was very noisy that night, and his calls were answered by another which was not his mate. The old inhabitant appeared to be quarreling with a stranger, as at this season of the year many barred owls come into the country and swell the owl census considerably. Indeed, so boisterous did the two become that an old colored man living on the place remarked, "De ole swamp owl am sure mad at somethen tonight." The next morning while riding along the border of the swamp, I was surprised to find a large barred owl sitting on the ground in a most dejected manner. Its wings drooped listlessly and the top of its head was bare of feathers and the skin was raw and bleeding. Evidently it had experienced a terrible whipping. Bob-white feathers were scattered about.

I took the wounded owl upon the horse with me, but he died

within a mile, sitting on the pommel of my saddle. His stomach contained no signs of a partridge feast, although I strongly suspect he knew what became of the solitary bird which alighted on the swinging pine bough. Perhaps he had caught it, but before he could eat his victim had been robbed of his booty by the old swamp owl, who had devoured it after giving its captive a rare beating. At any rate, the swamp owl's call the next night indicated that he was still alive and apparently happy.

The young were now full grown, and a covey of prettier, plumper partridges could not have been found in the country about. Sometimes the chickens, when wandering about the fields would meet the bob-whites and all would hunt and feed together. Once they went back together to the farm yard. It was a still Sunday afternoon and all was quiet about the house and barn. The old cat lay out on the shed roof asleep in the sunshine. The boy, wearing his best clothes, had gone away with the horse and buggy some time before. The dog was nowhere in sight. In company with the hens the partridges scratched and wandered about the yard.

Just back of the kitchen was the potato house, a small log structure partially sunk in the ground and roofed with bark. Through the open door of this a hen jumped to the floor two feet below. Others followed and soon one of their small friends joined them.

As the farmer chanced to be crossing his yard, he heard a commotion among his hens at the rear of the house and also saw the quail family running down the garden fence. Approaching the door of the potato house he beheld a bob-white running with low, anxious notes back and forth at the far end and vainly seeking some opening for escape. Creeping toward it with lowered head and twitching tail was the ever-hungry house cat.

With a loud "scat" the man sprang forward. He soon held the trembling partridge in his hands. For a few moments he kept it to admire its beauty. The shining coat, the beautiful beaming dark eyes, and the short, stout beak all spoke to him of elegance

and usefulness. It was a female, he knew by the buff color on its throat and head. Had it been a male these feathers would have been white. Her heart beat in quick, heavy throbs against his hand. With all his heart he pitied his prisoner, and soon raising high his hands let go the bird. Away she went speeding across the yard and over the garden, her short round wings bearing her at a rapid rate. Far down the field the farmer watched her fly until with a turn and a flutter she dropped into the grass by the rail fence. Long did the memory of that day's fright burn in her mind, and greater grew her distrust of cats and men.

The season for gunning was approaching. Already the farmer's son had been hunting gray squirrels in the thick woods back of the farm, and one day he shot a large black fox squirrel from a pine near where the bob-whites were crouching in nervous anxiety. Soon their turn came. The covey had just crossed from the pine woods into the peanut field which was being well rooted by the fattening hogs, when they became aware that they were being watched. With a warning cry the father bird ran, followed quickly by the others. When they were well in line running down a furrow near the fence there was a loud "bang" and three of their number died in a great agony of fluttering.



It was unsportsmanlike, this shot of the farmer's son. Some men would not have fired until the birds had taken wing, thus giv-

ing them a chance, at least, for their lives. But this hunter secured partridge meat by his course and that was what he wanted. From this time on a more diligent watch was kept for men with guns.

Lured one bright day by the number of peas to be found in the upper end of the field, the flock wandered farther than was their custom. In the midst of their feeding a low warning note from one of their number indicated danger. No running this time! Up and away they sped with lightning-like rapidity. Whither—they did not stop to consider, their only desire being to escape.

“Bang, bang,” sounded the gun, but every bird kept straight on. Over the garden fence they went. The farmhouse had recently been repainted. Whether its white sides deceived them, or, whether being blinded by the sunlight, they saw not their danger, would probably be difficult to explain, but straight against the south side of the building several of them flew headlong with resounding raps. Half-stunned and breathless the frightened birds crept across the yard and through the fence—all but one, which lay dead and bleeding by the house.

Much of happiness the bob-white family knew, although there was as much of watchfulness, and anxiety, and sudden terror mingled with their joy. One of their number was taken in a trap and carried away to the kitchen, along with a Carolina dove captured the same day. Another was chased by a hawk and made its escape only by flying directly into the open stable door, much to the astonishment of the hens that were scratching there.

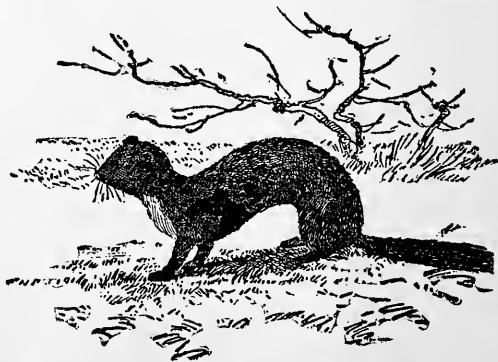
Still another was struck by a shot that fatal day in the peanut field, but had been able to make its escape with the others. When cover was reached it had picked the feathers out of the wound in its side and cleared away the blood, doing the best it knew for its hurt. But the heavy sickening pain in its body continued and grew. All day it crouched trembling or ran on after the others when the dread of being left alone came upon it. It tried to ease its pain by eating certain berries or leaves which old Mother Nature whispered in its ear might be well. Through the long

hours of that autumn day it knew no joy, only sorrow was in its heart, and a great fever was in its brain, and a swimming dizziness was in its eyes. At times it struck with its beak hard and wantonly into the ground where it lay, as if seeking a solace there. A choking thirst almost stifled the piteous notes of complaint which at times escaped.

As the evening came down, the gathering call of the family sounded over in the field. The bird endeavored to rise, but the exertion only resulted in spasms of pain and it lay hopelessly fanning the ground with its wings. Oh! the agony of that day, and the hours yet to follow! The dews of night, which soon began to gather, revived the bird a little, but this only made it more conscious of its sickness as the hours of darkness wore on. There it lay beating out its life in the forest. There was no sound save the sounds of the night, the singing of the crickets in the grass, the croaking of the frogs down in the swamp, and the baying of the farmer's dog.

Gliding through the grass among the shadows of the pine trees, here and there, but ever nearer and yet nearer to where the stricken bird lay, came something which seemed itself the merest suggestion of a slender shadow. Its nose touched the ground, the grass blades, it raised and sniffed the air as on it moved. A slight sound reached the bird's ears, its head turned, and close by in the darkness blazed

the two small red eyes of its most dreaded enemy—weasel, the bloodthirsty. With a desperate spring the partridge fluttered wildly away. One, two, three yards it had gone and then, the soft arms of weasel, the bloodthirsty, closed about its neck. Two sets of sharp



Two sets of sharp

teeth met, there was a despairing cry, a flutter of wings and the night sounds in the forest went on, the song of the crickets, the croaking of the frogs, and the barking of the dog.

### III.

The days of the winter months were drawing to a close. One afternoon late in February the bob-white family, now numbering only eight, was lying in the sand of a road which ran through the woods half a mile from the farm; they scratched and kicked the warm dry dust upon their sides and backs, and had the delicious pleasure of feeling it scatter and shift down between their feathers. The sun yet rode high in the heavens and the day was warm, for in this Southland but little frost comes to chill the earth, and snow is unknown.

While thus they lay and drank deeply of the bliss of existence, the sky gradually became overcast and a thin haze settled in among the pines. It tainted the air for the nostrils, and clung burning to the eye and eyelids. More overcast became the sky, thicker through the trees drifted the smarting haze, while deep and low came an ominous rumbling, borne before the breast of the west wind.

The partridges lay still and watched and listened. The darkness grew. The rumbling increased to a roar, now mingled with a medley of snapping, crackling, crashing sounds. The birds arose and shook the dust from their sides. The forest was on fire.

Along the west and girding about to the north and south came roaring and rushing the burning flames, the fierce devouring wolves of the fire king. Like an immense pack in some mad race they came rushing on in great leaps, eating down the high hot grass, tossing up their fiery tongues and snapping and snarling in their hideous work. Wrapping about the small trees they quickly stripped them of their foliage and climbed high up the bark of the tall pines, scorching and killing the slender green leaves one hundred feet from the ground. The forest had not been burned over

for four years and the accumulated carpet of pine needles with all their rosin, together with the tall dead grass, was a great feast for the fire.

Dense volumes of smoke arose, which at times drifted low and shut from view the oncoming flames. A flicker flew by fleeing for his life. High above the tree tops the Arredondo sparrowhawk and his mate circled, calling through the sky, striking upon the wing many of the insects which were endeavoring to escape from the consuming furnace beneath. With low notes of uneasiness the



bob-whites turned and ran, but the flames gaining upon them they took wing and sped away toward the fields to the east. But, alas, their only course of escape was cut off.

To save his fences, the farmer had to set a back fire, which now with savage roar came leaping to meet the wild fire from the forest. The helpless birds dropped to earth, for they had never learned to soar high enough to pass this circling volcano of fire and smoke.

Near the spot where two of them pitched was the home of a gopher turtle, a hole dug deep in the earth by this land reptile of the Southern pine woods. A gray fox, exhausted with speeding before the fire came panting by; it saw the hole, paused a moment,



then crept far down its darkened course. The two birds, moved by some impulse, followed their dreaded enemy into the earth for a yard or more, and crouched trembling in the sand.

A moment later the fire wolves swept over them with their awful fierceness, sending down their hot breath threateningly into the gopher's hole. For a moment the birds' lives swayed in the balance, then the fire passed on and they were saved.

Again the land throbs with the life of springtime. The heavy dew rests on the corn blades and grasses, while ringing through the orchard and forest floats the whistle of a bob-white. The farmer hearkens with joy to the well known call, but the memory of Nature's inexorable law of the birds comes forcibly to his mind, for of all the partridges of his farm the summer before, but a single pair remains.

## ROANOKE THE FIRST ANGLO-SAXON SETTLEMENT IN AMERICA.

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ANNIE BELLE HOYLE, '03.

(Read at The State Normal and Industrial College North Carolina Day, October  
14th, 1901.)

Roanoke Island! How many strange and sad events are connected with the name, what scenes of disaster and disappointment were enacted on its shores! Roanoke—it carries us back to a memorable period in England's history. The wise and lion-hearted Elizabeth was on the throne with Burleigh as Prime Minister. It was the age of Bacon and Sir Philip Sydney, of Shakespeare and Ben Johnson: the time when the dominion of England with the exception of Ireland and the Channel Islands, was confined to its own narrow limits. The French and Spanish held possession of lands in the new world, but not a man in all England had seen the land we now inhabit. Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Sir Walter Raleigh, filled with patriotism and the love of adventure, were the first to make an attempt to acquire possessions for England in the new world.

Having obtained a patent from Elizabeth in 1578, Sir Humphrey Gilbert fitted out an expedition which was soon driven back. His patent was about ready to expire in 1583 when he sailed with three ships. They were caught in a storm, Sir Humphrey Gilbert perished, and only one ship was left to take back the news of the disaster.

On the 27th of April, 1584, under a new patent obtained by Sir Walter Raleigh, two barks under the command of Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe sailed from the west of England, and upon the 4th of July arrived upon our coast. In the account given by Amadas and Barlowe, they represent the Island of Roanoke as distant but seven leagues from the inlet through which the vessel entered, which must have been the present New Inlet.

Here a landing was made and formal possession of the country taken. By the side of this island the voyagers remained two days without seeing any of the natives. On the third day a small boat containing three persons approached, and landed a short distance from the ships. One of these individuals was taken aboard the ships where he received presents of food and clothing. In return he filled his boat with fish and, intimating by signs that each should take a portion, he divided the fish equally and departed.

This visit led to the arrival on the next day of Granganimeo, the brother of the king of the country around. Many vessels filled with natives came with him. By signs Granganimeo intimated to the strangers that he considered them as one with himself.

The adventurers were too few in number to attempt a settlement; they contented themselves with making observations of the country immediately around them, and soon sailed back for England, reaching it after an absence of a little less than five months. They carried with them two natives, Manteo and Wanchese, also some of the unfamiliar plants they had discovered, among these the potato and tobacco.

Their glowing descriptions made a multitude willing to emigrate and form a permanent settlement. To Sir Richard Greenville was entrusted the command of the expedition which consisted of seven vessels: The Tiger, of 140 tons burden; the Roe-Buck, a fly-boat; the Lion, of 100 tons burden; the Elizabeth, the Dorothy and two pinnaces. There were 108 colonists on board, some of whom had probably been on the former voyage. This fleet anchored at Ocracoke, then called Wocoken, on the 26th of June. Sir Richard Greenville explored some of the country around, and on one expedition burned an Indian village because a silver cup which was missing was not immediately returned by the natives. In two months he sailed back to England, leaving Ralph Lane in charge of the colony.

The appearance of Roanoke Island and the eastern coast of North Carolina at that day was enough to kindle the fires of enthu-

siasm in the minds of those whose privilege it was to have the first view of the land. To the west, tall pines, oaks and cedars raised their heads and stretched a multitude of arms to the cloudless sky. Numberless clinging vines wound their tendrils about tree and shrub, and moved to and fro as the wind, redolent with the perfume of flowers, sighed through the trees and sported with the waves which dashed against the shore. The land was sandy and low toward the water-side and there was such an abundance of grapes along the shore that the beating and surge of the sea overflowed them. Great flocks of white cranes, startled by the harquebus' shots, flew up with such a cry that it seemed as if an army of men had shouted together.

How soon the hand of man refashions the handiwork of God! Soon the trees are felled, forts and houses built in the great forest. Here are huge piles of boughs which have been thrown aside in getting ready the logs for building. There are piles of wood cut for use in cooking. The hanging-moss which so lately waved in the wind is torn from the trees and scattered on the ground or across the white-topped stumps, sticky with exuding rosin. The houses are rude structures built at no great distance apart, and between them and around the forts may be seen groups of men talking as they work. Perhaps they are speaking of their late visit to the Indian village where Granganimeo dwells. How queer his wife was with the long bracelets of pearls in her ears, and the coral about her forehead; how kind she was to them when they went to her house, a house which had five rooms and a board alongside the wall for a table; how interesting were the other houses, eight in number, built of cedar, and fortified round about with sharp trees; and how surprised they were at seeing some children with auburn and chestnut-colored hair! Who were those white men that the Indians said had been cast away near Secotan twenty-six years before, and who, subsequently trying to leave, had been stranded on an island not far from Wocoken, and had then taken up their abode with the natives?

The settlers had been quite fortunate so far, but now clouds were gathering, for, owing to the incident of the stolen cup, the feelings of the Indians had changed and hostile attacks were often made upon their exploring parties. A reenforcement of the colony was expected from England, and it was hoped that with their strength increased, they might find a better harbor and select a more suitable site for the colony. A plot to destroy all the colonists had just been discovered and its execution prevented by Ralph Lane, when a fleet under Sir Francis Drake arrived off the coast. A storm destroyed part of the newly arrived fleet, and as the remaining vessels could be of no use to them, and Captain Drake offered them all a return passage, on the 18th of June the whole colony sailed for England. A ship had been sent with abundant supplies but did not reach the island until the colonists had embarked. Finding no one the supply ship left. A fortnight later Greenville arrived. Disappointed at finding neither supply ship nor colonists, he left fifteen men to hold possession of the fort and returned to England.

Notwithstanding repeated failure another expedition was prepared and sent out under John White as Governor. These colonists were one hundred and seventeen in number, including women and children. This time a form of government was provided for with White as chief, and eleven counsellors incorporating them as the Governor and Assistants of the City of Raleigh.

It is the 22nd of July and they are landing with more than the usual delight which comes to travelers at the end of a long voyage. Great was their surprise to find no sign of the fifteen men left by Grenville except a skeleton bleaching in the sun. The fort was demolished, and the vines again claimed the ground as their own. A deer, feeding on a melon within one of the ruined houses ran away at the sight of the men.

But it did not take long to rebuild the houses, and this time they were more worthy the name of home, for there were mothers to keep them in order, and little children playing about the

doors, running in at the sight of some strange animal to tell with wide-open eyes what they had seen. There were cleanly-swept spaces about the doors and with the perfume of the flowers mingled the savoury odors of broiling meat. The smoke ascended slowly from the chimneys and spread out as if it too were exploring the new country.

An event of interest which occurred not long after the landing was the baptism of Manteo who had always been the friend of the English. He was given the title of "Lord of Roanoke," and was the first Indian to receive the sacred rite, and the first and only Indian ever given a title of nobility.

Five days later an event of still greater interest occurred. A little girl was born to Eleanor Dare. How anxious the children were to see the newcomer, and with what tender care the women provided for the comfort of the household! The Sunday following she was christened with the name Virginia.

Now the colonists began to insist that they needed more implements with which to carry on their work, and that they would need more supplies, and they begged Governor White to go back to England. He finally yielded to their entreaties and after talking the matter over, it was decided that if anything should happen to make it necessary for them to leave that place they would carve on a tree the name of the place to which they had gone. If they were in distress a cross should be carved above the name.

The night before Governor White's departure was a busy one. If we only knew what was in the letters written that night! If we had seen the little tokens in the packages to be sent to the loved ones far away! We can almost see Eleanor Dare as she bids her father farewell and turns away to hide the tears as he says goodby to baby Virginia. We can almost see him as he goes down the beach, goes aboard the ship, and waves his hand from the deck to those who from the shore watch the vessel glide away.

## THE LOST COLONY.

NEITA WATSON, '02.

(Read at the State Normal and Industrial College North Carolina Day, October 14, 1901.)

During the year 1587 all England was stirred with intense excitement. The energies of such men as Raleigh, Lane and Grenville were bent to meet the coming struggle which was to give the supremacy of the seas to England or to Spain. Rumors were afloat throughout the kingdom that Spain, now at the zenith of her glory, was concentrating her mighty sea forces, and by one great effort was preparing to crush her opponent. The Invincible Armada was approaching. England was preparing to oppose strength to strength; every ship was manned and every man armed ready for the enemy.

Another cause of disturbance existing in England at this time was the bitter feeling of religious enmity against the Romish Church. The horrible night of St. Bartholomew was still fresh in the memories of the people, the groans from the martyrs at the stake awakened intense hatred.

Such was the condition of England when John White returned to procure aid for the little band of Anglo-Saxons away on the lonely, distant island. In this agitated state of affairs the English sovereign had little time for thought of her colony across the seas, much less could ships, men and provisions be procured. Thus it happened that a year elapsed and no help was sent to the waiting colony. Another year nears its end—still no relief is given, and we begin to wonder, as the lonely settlers on Roanoke probably wondered, if Governor White was as zealous as he might have been in the interests of the little troop that he had left across the ocean. Sir Walter Raleigh, ever vigilant in behalf of the colonists, after many efforts secured and equipped two ships to relieve the colony in Virginia. On the voyage to America these were seized by Spanish ships and driven back to England. In April, 1590, Ral-

eight procured three ships to send to Virginia; on one of these John White embarked.

But—do you inquire—what has become of the English colony on Roanoke during these three years since White left them? A little company of less than a hundred souls were they; the vessels in which they came had returned to England; and they knew in case of danger there was no hope of escape. They seemed like one large family in which each had his work to do, where each was dependent upon the other, and all were living in one hope—that some day an English ship would be wafted to them by the east winds. Thus thrown upon their own resources, we can easily believe the colony went hopefully to work. Some are testing the soil and its products. Here the men are felling the tall pines, cedars, oaks and elms. Others are dragging the fallen trunks to where the rude log houses are being constructed. The women, too, are busy moving about the homes. A group may be seen about a cabin door discussing the prospect of food for the winter, the best method of preparing the Indian corn and the newly discovered potato. As we glance through the window of the cabin we see the rough interior plainly and scantily furnished. On the table we notice a baby's rude toy and the home picture is made complete when we see the mother, Mrs. Eleanor Dare, sitting in the doorway, sewing on the little one's dress and listening for the sound of baby's voice. Down by the shore, playing 'mid the shells and smooth white pebbles, is a tiny little maid, Virginia Dare, the first child born in America of the English speaking race which was destined to rule this mighty continent.

Winter is approaching on Roanoke Island. Our little band of Anglo-Saxons are longing to see some of their own people. With heavy, home-sick hearts, they gazed tearfully toward the eastern waters looking for the help that was never, never to come. Even when they ventured to the mainland, they could only see the water on one hand and on the other miles and miles of woods and swamps, in every shadow of which the red man was lurking. Fre-



quent storms swept over the country, crops were ruined, and famine seemed near at hand. Suspicious reports about the Indians were circulated. The colony fortified themselves as best they could against the expected attack by the hostile savages. All efforts to provide for the sustenance of life were ended, and more and more did the hungry people depend on the hope of relief from England. Tearful eyes turned from the eastern shore, and we hear the murmur—"Will they leave us here to perish"? Disease crept in and daily the colony grew smaller. The Englishmen had found one bleached skull on the island, the only relic found of the fifteen men left on Roanoke by Grenville. This grim reminder of the fate of their predecessors remained to threaten our colony that they too might perish on this lonely island.

Manteo and his tribe, the Croatans, were ever faithful friends to the whites. Not so were the neighboring tribes. As the Englishmen built their houses and planted their crops, the native savages looked on with evil eye, which plainly said, "This is our hunting ground, the land of our fathers, and shall we yield it all to you"? Manteo comes to Roanoke to ascertain the condition of his friends. "Manteo," they say, "the end is near. Your land considers us aliens." "My brothers," answered the chieftain, "I have come to ask you to go with me and dwell on the isle of Croatan. On Roanoke the springs of fresh water are spent, all things are thirsting, come with me to Croatan where the forest waters never cease their flow. Come and be my children." The wretched white people, wasted by famine and sickness, gathered around what seemed to them a providential help in the time of their sore need. Thought of abundant food and protection from the savages filled their minds. Why should they stay here longer and perish, waiting for aid which they believed would never come?

Manteo's offer was accepted. Governor White's chests were buried. The word "Croatan" was carved on a tree according to agreement, and the pitiful remnant of White's colony said farewell to what had been to them an Isle of Suspense, a land of constant

expectation and of cruel disappointment. It may seem unaccountable that about sixty strong men and perhaps twelve women could not have sustained themselves on so fertile a spot as Roanoke. If they had had no prospect of help from England, but had felt dependent upon their own efforts for support, their lot might have been far different. It is thought that the colony moved to Croatan and intermarried with the Indians. This theory is supported by the present existence of names among the Croatan Indians similar to those of this colony. The Henry Berry Lowry gang probably inherited a part of its name from Richard Berry, one of this colony. Later these Croatans moved westward and are now living in Robeson county, N. C.

There is a legend that Virginia Dare married the dusky son of Manteo and thus became a bond between the two peoples. Months had passed since the miserable fragment of White's colony left the shores of Roanoke. The red man was once more master of the land. The houses that had been built in the hopeful days of the colony, that had sheltered the people from the wind and storm, that had later been the refuge of the victims of famine and disease, were now deserted. The paths between the homes, that had been trampled by baby feet now knew only the tread of the deer and rabbit.

On a morning in April, 1590, three ships may be seen approaching Roanoke. On the deck of the foremost stands Governor John White. His eyes are eagerly bent to catch the first signs of his people on the island. He lands, guns are fired, the bugle call is sounded, and familiar English airs are sung, but no response is heard. They entered the houses, they visited the old fort, but no clue to the habitation of the people could be found, until, on a tall tree they found carved in large letters the word "Croatan." Governor White attempted to go to Croatan but was prevented by storms and sailed on a southern voyage, never to return to Roanoke.

As John White, after eager search turned from the shores of

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Roanoke, even so do we turn from the pages of history, unable to tell the true story of the first white colony that settled in this "fair land of ours." But this very uncertainty adds interest to the study and appeals to the imagination. And while the facts of the life and death of the colony are lost, a lively interest in these people will never pass from those of us who love to gather inspiration from the lives of those brave men and women upon whose heroic deeds and sufferings is built our present state of prosperity. From them the children of the Old North State have derived a noble heritage of strength and stability of character; upon this rests our splendid history of the past, and upon this we may build our hopes for a glorious future.

THE MYSTERY OF CRO-A-TAN.

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MARGARET J. PRESTON.

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The breath of spring was on the sea;  
Anon the governor stepped  
His good ship's deck right merrily;  
His promise had been kept.

"See, see! the coast-line comes in view!"  
He heard the mariners shout,—  
"We'll drop our anchors in the sound  
Before a star is out."

"Now, God be praised," he inly breathed,  
"Who saves from all that harms:  
To-morrow morn my pretty ones  
Will rest within my arms!"

At dawn of day they moored their ships,  
And dared the breaker's roar.  
What meant it? Not a man was there  
To welcome them ashore!

They sprang to find the cabin rude;  
The quick green sedge had thrown  
[Its knotted webb o'er every door]  
And climbed each chimney-stone.

The spring was choked with winter's leaves,  
And feebly gurgled on;  
And from the pathway strewn with wrack  
All trace of feet was gone.

Their fingers thrird the matted grass,  
If there perchance a mound  
Unseen might heave the broken turf;  
But not a grave was found.

They beat the tangled cypress swamp,  
If haply in despair

They might have strayed into its glade,  
But found no vestige there.

“The pine ! the pine !” the governor groaned ;  
And there each staring man  
Read, in a maze, one single word  
Deep carven—CRO-A-TAN !

But cut above, no cross, no sign,  
No symbol of distress;  
Naught else beside that mystic line,  
Within the wilderness !

And where and what was “Cro-a-tan ?”  
But not an answer came,  
And none of all who read it there  
Had ever heard the name !

“Oh, daughter ! daughter ! with the thought  
My harrowed brain is wild !—  
Up with the anchors ! I must find  
The mother and the child !”

They scoured the mainland near and far,  
The search no tidings brought,  
Till, 'mid a forest's dusky tribe,  
They heard the name they sought.

The kindly natives came with gifts  
Of corn and slaughtered deer;  
What room for savage treachery  
Or foul suspicion here ?

They searched the wigwams through,  
But neither lance, nor helm, nor spear,  
Nor shread of child's nor woman's gear,  
Could furnish forth a clew.

How could a hundred souls be caught  
Straight out of life, nor find  
Device through which to mark their fate,  
Or leave some hint behind ?

Had winter's ocean inland rolled  
An eagle deadly spray  
That overwhelmed the island's breadth  
And swept them all away?

In vain, in vain, their heart-sick search :  
No tidings reached them more,  
No record save that silent word  
Upon that silent shore.

The mystery rests a mystery still,  
Unsolved of mortal man:  
Sphinx-like, untold, the ages hold  
The tale of CRO-A-TAN.

## THE EXPLORER,

A Parlor Comedy, in One Act and Six Scenes,

by

Octave Feuillet, of the French Academy.

Translated from the French for the State Normal Magazine.

## ACTORS.

Laure de Breville—a young widow.

Henri d' Albert—her cousin.

Vicomte d' Escarel—

Baron de Morne-Aubret—judge.

Therese—lady's maid.

Pierre—servant.

The scenes occur in a Country house in Normandy about 1880.  
A small salon, decorated and furnished in the style of Louis XVI.  
Fire on the hearth, a lighted lamp. A table set for one person.

## SCENE FIRST.

Henri d' Albert, *afterwards* Therese.

Henri. (Enters at the rear, after having opened the door with some hesitation) "Nobody? Ah then, it is certainly the Castle of the Sleeping Beauty—Nobody anywhere—Very bad attendance!" (Observing some embroidery on a small table). "Ah, she does a little work then, nowadays; it is an improvement. A table set, she dines here? It is not, however, the dining-room. Very disorderly, this!

Therese. (Coming in suddenly on the right and speaking to Henri, who turns his back on her) "The gentleman wishes to see some one"?

Henri. (Turning around quickly). "Ah, pardon, miss, I

have rung at the gate and no one answered, I have vainly sought the way to the servant's quarters and so I ventured to come in here. How is it that you do not recognize me, Miss Therese" ?

Therese. (Astonished). " Why, really, it is Mr. Henri, I do believe" ?

Henri. You can be sure of it my child . . . Ah then, am I so changed in these five years?

Therese. Faith, Sir, I do not understand it.

Henri. How, so much as that? Yes, I am much tanned, am I not? and besides, I have aged.

Therese. Oh! no, you have not aged Sir—on the contrary I think you Sir—rather—In fact you have a much less gawky air than formerly.

Henri. Ah! I had a gawky air formerly? Yes, but I have traveled a great deal and really that has polished me a little. And you, you are ever, Therese? Always wide awake—You never look gawky, you!

Therese. (Laughing). No!

Henri. (Laughing with her). Oh! No! But tell me, my dear girl, can I see my cousin—or her husband? Are they at home?

Therese. (Tranquilly, and in the same tone of voice). No, Sir; Madame has gone out, and her husband is dead.

Henri. (Astonished and startled). What! He is dead! (Dropping his voice). What do you say? What! Gaston is dead!

Therese. Yes, Sir. Did you not know it Sir?

Henri. Not at all. I left France and Europe five years ago. I come from the wilds of America; from the very deserts. (Dropping his voice with a frightened tone). What? he is dead? really?

Therese. Yes, Sir.

Henri. You are sure?



Therese. Most certainly, Sir: I am sure of it.

Henri. Ah! my God! my God. Here is news that I was far from expecting. I landed yesterday evening at the Cherboorg. This morning I took the train for Paris where I am going. I knew that their country house was in the neighborhood. I got off at Breville station to say how do you do, and I light upon this catastrophe! (Dropping his voice) And how did this happen, tell me?

Therese. Oh! Sir, most naturally. A chill after hunting!

Henri. A chill after hunting! No, really, it is not to be believed. Poor fellow! and when did it happen?

Therese. Ah! Sir, eighteen months ago.

Henri. Eighteen months—already, really. (To himself): completely upset—not an idea, dumfounded—an idiot!

Therese. But you can see Madame, Sir, she will not be long absent; she is close by, at one of the neighbors.

Henri. No! oh! no! I'll clear out. I'll come back some day! My call would be indiscreet under the circumstances!

Therese. But Sir, it is a year and a half ago!

Henri. Yes, without doubt, it *is* eighteen months for you—but for me it is only five minutes and hardly that—I was attached to him you know—not exactly intimate—but we were comrades—and the sight of me—my presence, might renew the grief of his widow.

Therese. On the contrary Sir, it would distract Madame.

Henri. You think so, Therese?

Therese. Certainly, and Madame has such need of distractions. Her life in the country with her sick old uncle is not very gay.

Henri. Ah! her uncle lives with her?

Therese. Yes Sir, since her widowhood, for propriety sake.

Henri. That is all right—that is perfect. But listen, Therese, decidedly I will come back again. Tell me, for I have

unluckily sent away the carriage which brought me from the station—can I find another in the village?

Therese. There is no village here, Sir.

Henri. Ah! well, I will go on foot.

Therese. Do you know, Sir, that there is no train till midnight?

Henri. Well! I will wait.

Therese. And there is no restaurant at the station.

Henri. No restaurant! that is annoying. But good bye, my child! You will say to your mistress that I stopped to pay my respects as I was passing by; but on learning the terrible misfortune which has befallen her (the sound of a gay air on a piano is heard, Henri interrupts himself). Eh, what is that?

Therese. It is Madame who has returned.

Henri. What—she has already taken up her music?

Therese. But, Sir, since it was eighteen months ago!

Henri. (Much agitated). That is so, I forget—well then listen, thou, my little Therese—

Therese. You *thou* me, Sir?

Henri. Yes *I thou* thee—it is all the same to me. Look, here are two louis, and help me to get away without being seen.

Therese. Thanks, Sir I go to warn Madame, (she goes towards the door on the left).

Henri. (Trying to stop her) I beg thee not to—

Therese. You are not at all gawky. You will amuse her—(she goes out at the left).

#### SCENE SECOND.

*Henri alone, enter Laure.*

Henri. (Calling in a low voice) Therese! (he listens). It is done! The piano stops! Now, I must take care—the business is to bear one self well—I who believed myself

completely cured! And in reality I was. But to find her a widow all at once, it upsets one, it upsets one greatly! Without mentioning that I must necessarily set her weeping, I shall have scenes of despair. She adored that animal (correcting himself) that unfortunate Gaston!

Laure. (Entering gaily at the left) What! is it possible! Ah what a pleasant surprise! (She holds out her hand).

Henri. (With embarrassment) My dear cousin!

Laure. I thought you were at the antipodes!

Henri. I come back from there—it is my excuse for dropping in on you so awkwardly in the midst of your grief, of which I was ignorant.

Laure. (Reminding herself that she is a widow and changing her tone) How! you knew nothing of it?

Henri. Nothing at all. Your lady's maid only just this instant told me of it. You see me entirely upset by the news!

Laure. (Constrainedly) Ah! yes, greatly tried. (Henri not knowing what to say to her presses her hand cordially).

Laure. (In the same constrained tone) I, whom you have known, so gay, so lively, so ready, is it not so?

Henri. Yes! Ah my God! what will you have? Such is life, and, unfortunately, against such griefs all consolations are powerless. Time—time alone.

Laure. Alas! Yes my God, yes!

Henri. And you stay here with your uncle, I have heard?

Laure. Yes, my cousin, my good uncle has had the kindness to reside with me—since—

Henri. Since the catastrophe?

Laure. Yes.

Henri. And, your uncle is pretty well?

Laure. No, not quite well; he has the gout just now.

Henri. Ah! really. Poor man! Still with such a nurse as you! Well, my dear cousin, I thank you for your

friendly reception—you are a thousand times good to have pardoned my indiscretion—but I will not prolong it—I retire—

Laure. What! You are going away? And where are you going?

Henri. I will get back to the station, walking slowly. It is very fine this evening.

Laure. Not so! it snows. And then let us think, you can't leave me thus at the end of five minutes—after five years of absence—a relative—an old friend! Besides you have not dined. When do you dine?

Henri. Oh! my cousin a traveler like myself!

Laure. Anyhow a traveler dines like the rest of the world. Dine with me. I will have you taken afterwards to the station. I was dining alone today—my uncle keeps his room—and as you see I have had my plate laid in this boudoir by the corner of the fire because the dining room is too cold.

Henri. It is a good idea.

Laure. Well stay. It will be charity.

Henri. If it will be a charity, my cousin! (He observes her closely during this dialogue).

### SCENE THIRD.

*The same—Pierre bringing the soup.*

Laure. Come, now, that is settled is it not? Pierre arrange a place for M. d'Albert (she adds two or three words in a low voice, then turning to Henri) You shall tell me of your travels and I will tell you of my troubles. Then seat yourself (They seat themselves at the little table).

Pierre. (After having served his mistress offers a plate of soup to Henri in a funereal tone) Printanier soup?

Henri. (In a firm voice) Willingly, (While he eats—with a sympathizing tone) My God! my cousin I do not wish to

reopen your scarcely closed wound, yet at the same time I would not appear indifferent. Permit me, then, to ask from you some details of this terrible event.

Laure. Oh! I try to forget them.

Henri. Naturally—but was it very unexpected; very sudden?

Laure. Oh! like a stroke of lightning.

Pierre. Will you have some sole, Sir?

Henri. Willingly.

Laure. (To Pierre) Give the port to Monsieur d' Albert. (To Henri) You see that I remember your favorite wine.

Henri. (Bowling) My Cousin, yes indeed!

(Pierre has gone out. While he is out Laure and Henri take a more lively and gay tone. When Pierre returns they take up the tone of affliction which Pierre uses).

Laure. (More brightly) Ah! you must find me much changed my Cousin, much gone off, do you not?

Henri. (Very gently bantering her and with slow ease). Gone off, that is saying a good deal, but really, you are somewhat changed—only it is to your advantage—your beauty—if I may so express myself—has taken a more sedate character—more formal, more commanding.

Laure. You have always been so indulgent to me.

Henri. No.

Laure. So blind to my faults.

Henri. Really no! I was not blind to your faults—I saw them perfectly—only—

Laure. (Smiling) You loved them.

Henri. I adored them alas! (They both laugh gently. Pierre comes back and they resume their sober looks and voice).

Pierre. Chicken, huntsman fashion?

Henri. Willingly. You knew not sadness in those days, my Cousin. Fortunately one cannot foresee the future.

Laure. Ah! yes, happily—

Henri. It is a real blessing of Providence to have hidden from us our future destiny. Otherwise we could not enjoy anything.

Laure. No! nothing at all.

Henri. It is undeniable, as we advance in life the heart hardens.

Laure. Or it breaks certainly.

Pierre. Minced partridge salad?

Henri. Willingly. (Pierre goes out).

Laure. (Changing her tone) About changing now, it is you, my Cousin, who are changed; you are unrecognizable.

Henri. Unrecognizable? Bah! in what?

Laure. But formerly—I can say it to you now, may I not?—you had really too much the air of a pedant—you were a little awkward, heavy, labored.

Henri. Your lady's maid has said it, gawky!

Laure. What! she said that to you?

Henri. She told me that I was less so. That flattered me.

Laure. (Laughing.) It is certain that you have matured astonishingly—you have even at times a slight touch of veiled irony, a little bantering tone between smile and sneer which is not disagreeable.

Henri. I thank you, my Cousin! It is natural of course, that a man who travels on foot, on horseback, or in a canoe, through virgin forests and prairies, may have gained a little self-possession.

Laure. But you have not only gained self-possession, thank God, and I compliment you on it. (To Pierre, who brings the dessert) All right, you can leave us now. You may bring the coffee when I ring. (Pierre goes out—to Henri) I repeat I have great compliments to make you. You have become celebrated. You will be at once made a member of the Institute. Your accounts of your travels, your books on American antiquities have had a very great—a very great success.

- Henri. Have you read them, my Cousin !
- Laure. No, I have taken good care not to. I was too indignant with you. What, you write books, you write to all the world—and to me—your relation, your old friend, not a line, not a word in five years!
- Henri. That is cruel, my Cousin. For you know very well that my unfortunate attachment to you—attachment to which you responded by marrying Gaston—has been the cause of my long exile in savage countries—after my ill luck—and all feeling of pride apart—the most simple good sense evidently commanded me to break off my intimacy with you—at least till the time came when it ceased to be a danger for me—(a moment of silence and embarrassment. Laure, a little vexed, rises without answering and pulls the bell cord. Henri rises also, and standing with his back to the fire, in a deliberate tone) Ah! Fire is a charming invention—decidedly. (Pierre brings the coffee and retires).

## SCENE FOURTH.

*Laure—Henri.*

- Laure. (In a curt manner) Will you have coffee?
- Henri. Willingly, my Cousin.
- Laure. (Giving him a cup) Are they true all those yarns you have put in your books?
- Henri. I have also had many yarns that I have not put in them.
- Laure. Stories about women—stories about savages—which?
- Henri. Stories about savages, my Cousin!
- Laure. Is it true that you have for two or three years camped out in the wilds under a tent?
- Henri. Perfectly.
- Laure. And what could you think about, alone in your tent, at night in the midst of the great wilderness!
- Henri. Often of you, my Cousin!

Laure. Bah! to curse me then?

Henri. Quite the contrary—to bless you!

Laure. I don't believe a word of it. How could it be?

Henri. (In the most natural, simple and convinced manner) Doubtless—to bless you from the bottom of my heart for having been wiser than myself—for having understood how our union would have been really deplorable! Ah, if you knew my dear Cousin, how many times after I recovered my composure, I have congratulated myself on not having married you!

Laure. But—really my friend, weigh your words I beg you!

Henri. (Forcibly) Because you would have been thoroughly unhappy with me, as on my part I should not have been very happy with you—for we had not a single taste in common. I was not at all the kind of husband suited to an elegant woman of the world as lively and charming as yourself. Without hating the fashionable world, I looked upon it as a simple amusement—I was above all, a man for home life, a man for the fireside—I was devoted to serious studies which did not interest you in any way.

Laure. But pardon me!

Henri. Not at all, these tastes seemed to you even ridiculous—moreover, without being as pretty as you are today—you were already extremely—I, I was ugly, common, ill-featured.

Laure. No. No, my friend, never!

Henri. You told me so just now.

Laure. No! I only said that, at that time—at that time, you were a little timid, a little awkward—like all lovers.

Henri. And Gaston? He was neither awkward nor timid, he! and nevertheless he was as much in love as I, I suppose!

Laure. (In a low voice as if to herself) That is questionable.

Henri. And as all his qualities were well matched with yours!



Laure. More or less.

Henri. (Growing warm) How! more or less? But there was perfect harmony between you! A man of sport and of society above all, graceful and well made, an incomparable horseman, an unequalled waltzer, like yourself given entirely day and night to social life, to the fashionable world, he was really fit to appear there at your side. You had exactly the same way of looking at life—like tastes, like merits, the same charming faults. Thus when I called you two before my mind from within my solitary tent—when I saw you galloping side by side down the wide path of Acacias, or leading till daybreak a triumphal cotillion—altho' I still bled a little in those days—I was forced to acknowledge that you had made the best choice in the world and that from all eternity you had been destined for each other!

Laure. (With vexation) You are too good. Thus I understand—I am the vainest, the most frivolous, and the most giddy of women!

Henri. (Exclaiming) My Cousin, I have not said—

Laure. Come now! And all this for what? My story is, however, very simple and very common. It happens every day that a young girl, startled by the first dazzle of the fashionable world looks upon a handsome man who rides well, and who knows how to lead a cotillion as the ideal husband.—But do you think that the wife—when she is not altogether a fool—keeps very long on this question, the ideas, the illusions of the young girl? Do you think the experience of marriage and of life does not open her eyes and her mind, and that the prestige, the delusion which charmed her so greatly in the lover, will always charm her as much in the husband? Is it not that a wife desires above all things to esteem her husband, to be proud of him, and does she not some day or other

end by measuring her esteem by that of the world? She sees other husbands than her own alas!—she sees them sought out, listened to with respect, surrounded by consideration, and more and more honored as they advance in years. While as to her husband, he remains and will forever remain the fine horseman and leader of the cotillion—and nothing more. And if this wife, after all, is not a ridiculous empty head, if she wishes to remain a worthy wife, if she passes some evenings at home, is it not certain that she will soon feel the profound emptiness of a *tete a tete* with this everlasting fine horseman and eternal cotillion leader? He himself feels this emptiness, and he slips off—he perceives that he is no longer a hero to his wife and he seeks to be one to other women less wise or less delicate—till he grows grey and short winded—and becomes what is saddest and least pleasing in the world—an old beau—who is no longer a beau—and who does not know how to be old!

Henri. My cousin, your talk stupefies me. It seems to breathe a sort of vague bitterness. I do not know if I ought to understand you.

Laure. Oh my God, yes you can!

Henri. Thus your marriage with poor Gaston has not realized all your hopes? You have not been completely happy?

Laure. (Much moved) Don't let us speak of it please. (Henri bows; after a pause she recommences). For the rest this half confidence was necessary to prepare you for the news which remains to be told you. You will find it less strange now, my cousin, that they have already thought for me—and that I have thought myself—

Henri. (Excitedly) Of your marriage?

Laure. Yes. Do you blame me for it?

Henri. (Controlling himself) I on the contrary think that you

are perfectly right. You are entitled to some compensation—and besides a widow of twenty-six, beautiful as you are, and without children, would be too critically placed in the world.

Laure. Then you approve of me?

Henri. Absolutely.

Laure. You give me great pleasure.

Henri. And the happy mortal, is he chosen?

Laure. Well—not yet, quite—there are several suitors and two in particular that my uncle favors and between whom he urges me to decide. They both have been down for some little time for the shooting with one of our neighbors—M. de Vancouver, and you will probably soon see them for they rarely let an evening pass without coming to see me.

Henri. It will be most agreeable to me.

Laure. (Ironically) And to me also, for with your eagle glance you will judge them at first sight, and it is very possible that your impression will determine my choice.

Henri. (Coolly) You could not do me more honor, my cousin.

Laure. Listen. The gate bell has just rung. It is one or the other, and perhaps both, for they watch each other closely. One of them, the more brilliant one, is the Vicomte d' Escarel—a true sweet pea, a lady's favorite. The other, a graver man, is a judge with a future before him, the Baron de Morne-Aubret, both very rich.

Henri. Give me a hint which you prefer, that will guide me.

Laure. Sometimes the one, sometimes the other!

Henri. The devil!

Pierre. (In the background announces) Monsieur le Baron de Morne-Aubret, Monsieur le Vicomte d' Escarel.

## SCENE FIFTH.

*The same. The Baron de Morne-Aubret, with a stiff cravat, speaking formally and with pretention, his hand in his waistcoat; the Vicomte d' Escarel, style rather cool and railing, very informal in his manners, holding his foot in his hand after he is seated.*

Baron. (Kissing Laure's hand) My beautiful neighbor!

Vicomte. (Pressing the young woman's hand) Dear Madame!  
(They both look at Henri and bow slightly).

Laure. It is my cousin, Monsieur d' Albert! (The gentlemen bow again).

Baron. What! the illustrious explorer? Ah, Sir, permit me to felicitate myself. (He extends his hand).

Henri. Reciprocated, Sir.

Vicomte. Enchanted, Sir.

Laure. Seat yourselves gentlemen. Is it still snowing?

Vicomte. Ugh! It snows heavily.

Baron. Some floating drops in the air. (To Henri) Are you about to publish soon, Sir, some new work, one of those recitals in which you know how to write with all the serious interest of Science, all the grace and all the charm of the brightest fancy?

Henri. You are too amiable, Sir! Yes, once installed in Paris, I intend to put together my notes and give an account of my last journey.

Baron. And may I inquire where has been the latest scene of your learned explorations?

Henri. Central America, and especially Yucatan and Honduras.

Vicomte. (Eye glass at his eye, holding his foot) They exist then truly, Sir?

Henri. What Sir?

Vicomte. But these countries now? Yucatan, Honduras! When I read these names on the maps I always imagine that

the geographer has wished to amuse himself with my innocence! All that has such an unreal air!

Laure. Can you believe, gentlemen, that my cousin here has passed two years at a time in these wild countries, living under a tent without other company than his Indian servants?

Baron. Such devotion to science is admirable.

Vicomte. Very swagger, yes. One needs stomach. But all the same, that must be starving work at times. It is true that you have splendid shooting down there, do you not?

Henri. I shot rarely, some gun shots now and then to renew my larder. Besides, my work absorbed all my time.

Baron. Ah work, the great support, the great consoler! The true friend of mine.

Vicomte. Like the lizard!

Laure. My dear Vicomte, endeavor to be serious for a single instant!

Vicomte. I cannot, dear Madame, it bores me atrociously.

Laure. But, talking of shooting, gentlemen, have you been out shooting today? Have you been lucky?

Baron. Last night's snow condemned our guns to repose, dear Madame. But I have been happy in forced leisure—our next session is very heavy and my chief (to Henri) for I have the honor Sir to be the substitute of the Attorney General of the Court of G—— my chief, I say, leaves me nearly all the work for this important session. I have thus passed the day buried in my papers—but I do not complain of it, for like yourself, Monsieur d' Albert, I love work.

Vicomte. Ah well! for my part, my dear Baron, I detest—I cannot endure it, I hate reading, writing, and all that sort of thing. When one has ways of occupying one self, I really cannot comprehend why one should choose the most crushing of all!

- Laure. Come now! you calumniate yourself, my dear Vicomte—this is pure affectation.
- Vicomte. No, I assure you, dear Madame, it is my opinion. To have a good gun in one's hand, a good cigar between one's teeth, a good waltzer in one's arms, and a good horse between one's legs—that is what I call life. Everything besides these is killingly stupid.
- Henri. I am somewhat of Monsieur's opinion myself.
- Vicomte. (Indifferently) Is it not so? I believe, however, that you are poking fun at me, just a little, my dear Sir—but no matter—an explorer!
- Baron. As to myself, you will permit me, my dear Vicomte, to protest against your theory of life with all the energy of which I am capable.
- Vicomte. Come now!
- Baron. According to my ideas, the noblest conquest of man—
- Vicomte. Is the horse! Buffon has already said so.
- Baron. (Disdainfully) The noblest conquest of man I say is that of mind over matter. In regard to those wholly material pleasures of which you have just drawn a sketch, my dear Vicomte, and which you make the very foundation of existence, I oppose the study where the scientist, or the thinker, or the magistrate enjoys the high and pure pleasures of the intellect. If I add to this scene the presence of a loved and spiritual wife, the confidant of our labors, I will have traced I believe, the most perfect image of human happiness, in its most delicate and elevated expressions.
- Vicomte. Well! indeed! There you have a little woman who would be bored to death—just think of that loved and spiritual woman shut up in the thinker's study. I swear to you that she would prefer a private room at a cafe!
- Baron. I speak of a respectable, legitimate wife Sir! and I do not suppose that you would take your legitimate wife to a private room at a cafe?

Vicomte. That is where you deceive yourself, dear Sir. I would take her everywhere that I went myself—as my little comrade—I would have her penetrate with me into all the secrets of Parisian life—into all the mysteries of the boulevards into the meaning of pschutt and of vlan—and she would be infinitely obliged to me! By the way, dear Madame, do you know that one no longer says neither pschutt, nor vlan, nor ah!

Laure. (Coldly) Ah! What does one say then?

Vicomte. One says tchink. Thus the Tuesdays at the Francais are tchink, the station opera is tchink, I, I am tchink!—and the Baron is not at all tchink!

Baron. And I flatter myself of it. (He rises) I leave you, dear Madame, with your eminent cousin with whom you must be impatient to resume your conversation, (To Henri) I hope Sir, to have the honor to receive you some day in Paris, where I have the promise of a place, and to which I feel myself drawn as does every thinking man!

Vicomte. (Bowing) Dear Madame! (To Henri) Good bye, Sir, and please excuse my incurable frivolity!

(The Baron and the Vicomte retire).

#### SCENE SIXTH.

*Laure—Henri.*

Laure. (Fanning herself feverishly) Ah well! they have gone at last. What do you think of them?

Henri. (Earnestly) I find them both charming!

Laure. No, that is not true. I do not know what is the matter with them this evening. Probably they wished to shine before you—and they have made themselves ridiculous.

Henri. I assure you that I find them both charming—now certainly—in the light style, the Vicomte is thoroughly distinguished.

- Laure. Distinguished! with his foot held in his hand—in a woman's presence!
- Henri. Since the women like that nowadays. And besides he is sparkling with wit, a little skeptical—but it is so well carried off.
- Laure. Sparkling with wit! with his pschutt and his vlan and his tthink—I find that stupid, I do!
- Henri. That is because you are a little tired of Parisian wit. I who have just returned am wonderstruck!
- Laure. And his ideas about marriage and on the way he should conduct himself with his wife! Are you wonderstruck at that also?
- Henri. That is one way to look at it. To take his wife as a comrade; it is one way to look at it. In short, really in the light style—you could not make a better choice!
- Laure. Many thanks! In the light style my experience is sufficient.
- Henri. Bless me! If you prefer the serious style—the Baron in that style is also a very distinguished type. He is a man evidently nourished on weighty studies—of a very cultivated spirit, speaking very well.
- Laure. Too well!
- Henri. One never speaks too well!
- Laure. Pardon—and frankly—in the serious style I will not marry a provincial notable when I have refused a man of superior merit.
- Henri. Who is that?
- Laure. Come now!
- Henri. Eh?
- Laure. You know very well that it is yourself!
- Henri. But my cousin, if you really recognize so much merit in me—tell me why you refused me?
- Laure. (Rising and leaning on the chimney) You managed so badly!



- Henri. It is rather late to instruct me, but even at this late hour, may I timidly ask of you how I should have managed?
- Laure. As you have today my friend!
- Henri. (Hesitating) But—do you know that I shall embrace you!
- Laure. If you wish it! (He embraces her).

FINIS.

MOTHER'S MUSIC.

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HELEN ROBINSON.

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The music that my mother plays  
Is all of long ago,  
And no one sings or whistles now  
The songs she used to know.  
Though old and trite and commonplace  
And time-worn though they be,  
The music that my mother plays  
Is ever new to me.

The music that my mother plays  
Is of that wondrous kind  
That brings dim memories vague and sweet  
To charm the listener's mind.  
It brings the smiles and then the tears  
From out the long ago.  
The music that my mother plays  
Is tender, sweet and low.

The music that my mother plays,  
O would that I might tell  
'Till every mother's child should know  
Its haunting sweetness well;  
Yet tho' its time and name and place  
Have passed from memory,  
The music that my mother plays  
Is ever new to me.

### WOMEN AT WORK.

Miss Julia Morgan, a San Francisco girl, has been admitted to study architecture at the School of Fine Arts in Paris, having passed with much credit the entrance examinations. When the school, after an obstinate resistance, opened its doors to women four years ago, it was expected that they would study only painting and sculpture. A woman in the architectural department is a novelty. M. Chaussemiche, a prominent architect, of Paris, under whom Miss Morgan has been studying for several years, says that she has more ability than half his male pupils, and that she will make an excellent architect. He praises especially her talent for invention and conception. Miss Morgan expects to practice her profession in San Francisco.—*Woman's Journal*.

Mlle. Julia Van Marche, of Brussels, won the first prize at the recent "Congress of Humanity" in Paris, for the best essay on "The Inferior Position of Women in the Religions of the World." Her essay is described as an exhaustive study of the place assigned to women in all the religions, ancient and modern, from Zoroastrianism and Confucianism to theosophy and the spiritualism of Allan Kardec. Mlle. Marguerite Bodin, a school teacher in the department of the Yonne, and a founder of peace societies, won the prize for the best essay on "The Injustice of a Double Standard of Morals for Men and Women." These prizes were offered by the Congress of Humanity last year, and the committee of award seemed pleased as well as surprised, that both should be won by women. The secretary of the Congress, M. Vodoz, said amid applause, that the first necessity for progress was the emancipation of women, and that this ought to be the basic principal and first object of the Congress. The subjects announced for the prize essays of next year are, "The Condition of Women in the Work of Colonization, Depopulation, Repopulation and Overpopulation."—*Woman's Journal*.

Mrs. Wu, wife of the Chinese Minister, reports that there is a perceptible change of sentiment in favor of allowing woman's feet to grow to a natural size.

Since this is true and since American girls' waists as well as their feet are allowed to expand normally, who will deny that we have fallen upon better times?

*The Woman's Journal* thinks the South is, in some respects, more progressive than the North, since Mrs. W. A. Felton has been invited to make an address before the Georgia legislature in joint session on "Popular Education," showing what she believes to be defects in the Georgia public school system.

*The Journal* tries to imagine the Massachusetts legislature inviting any woman to address it—even Mrs. Julia Ward Howe or Mrs. Livermore.

#### SECONDARY SCHOOLS AND WOMEN ON THE CONTINENT.

Prussia, whose educational ideals and methods are generally regarded as the highest in the world and are at least the models for the other states of the Empire, shows great reluctance to encourage women to seek entrance into the secondary schools and the universities. In fact, the smaller states have been taking the lead in this matter and Prussia shows no inclination to follow. Recently the Kingdom of Wurttemberg has joined the list of those states which have opened the secondary schools, the gymnasia, the Realgymnasia and the Oberrealschulen, *i. e.*, the classical, the semi-classical and the purely scientific nine-year institutions leading up to the universities, to girls. This state has, however, not gone as far as Baden, which has in addition established a regular girls' gymnasium or college at Carlsruhe, which this fall shows an increased attendance, and has granted full privileges to women in the two provincial universities of Heidelberg and Freiburg, *i. B.* These two are the only universities of Germany where women are matriculated; in the others they can attend lectures and secure degrees

only by special arrangement with the professors and authorities. Oldenburg, in North Germany, has admitted women to the purely scientific courses, but not to the classical; but this state has no university of its own. In Prussia the tendency is evidently of a reactionary kind at present. In Koenigsberg the three leading professors in the medical department have published an edict to the effect that they will under no circumstances admit women to their lectures or exercises, and this has resulted in the practical exclusion of women from the university. In Berlin the attendance of women is greater this term than ever before, but they are not officially recognized nor have they secured any new privileges. They are merely "hearers" and that is all. The attendance at Berlin is fully twice the combined women contingent at all the other German universities, the brilliant lights in the faculties of that school being the magnet that attracts this host of about half a thousand women. It is remarkable in this connection that while the Germans, and with them the Danes and other leading European nations, are making haste slowly in admitting women to the privileges of the secondary schools, the Scandinavian states of the north: Sweden, Norway and Finland, are already celebrating anniversaries of the introduction of this innovation in their educational system. Only recently the quarter-centennial of the famous Palmgren gymnasium of Stockholm, the first and oldest boys' and girls' college in Europe, was celebrated. This school, begun by Dr. Palmgren as an experiment in 1876, has now developed into a full institution in which all the three courses found in the secondary school system of the Teutonic peoples of central Europe are combined. The present attendance averages some two hundred, of whom fully one-half are girls, ranging in age from six to twenty. Of the teaching force of twenty-five about one-half are women, and these teach in the higher as well as the lower classes. The state in recognition of its work has given the school a donation of about two thousand dollars annually. The example of Palmgren proved contagious and similar schools have been established throughout Finland and Norway.—*The Independent*.

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THE MAN WITH THE VIOLETS.

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MARGARET LEGRAND CAMERON, '04.

The first time he ever noticed her was that day when she stooped to pick up something. From curiosity, he paused to see what it was, and when she rose she carefully dusted a few violets but recently dropped. His face grew grave, and turning, he watched her down the street. She was neatly dressed and walked well, carrying her five feet four inches with the air of one who is not afraid, and dares to look the world in the face.

She held a note-book in one hand and some papers under one arm. "Doubtless," he reflected, "a stenographer; another of those numberless women, making a hard but honest living in the world, and learning to regard it as a merciless task-master."

The next morning, standing at the office window he saw her again, passing down the thoroughfare. This time he saw her face. It was one not easily forgotten—what people generally term "a lovely face," and he caught himself thinking that a girl who could look like that and who could stoop to pick up a trodden flower must be one of the few people who have not grown mercenary, and whose heart still retains some of the innocence which enables one to take pleasure in little things. He leaned out of the window and watched her down the street, as he had done the day before. She entered a passage-way on the next square, and with a pleased smile Carr drew in his head and closed the window.

James Carr was not a very handsome man, but he had an unusual share of good looks, a little store of personal magnetism, and a fine business capacity. He was disliked by few, raved over by some, but generally conceded to be "a fine fellow." Among his virtues was that of an extremely methodical taste. In the language of Isaiah, his valet, "Mr. Carr was sot in his ways." Mr. Carr's methodical habits exhibited themselves most in one direc-

tion. For five years he had never missed a day in putting a fresh bunch of violets in his button-hole. It had become a part of his daily existence. "Carr's button-hole boquet" had long ceased to be a joke at the club; people scarcely noticed it, and it was only when some one unaccustomed to frequent intercourse with him questioned it, that an explanation fell due. Various reasons were supposed for this little peculiarity when it became known that Carr was reticent on the subject. No one ever guessed the true cause. That the gentle little invalid sister whose death had instilled what there was of sweetness into Carr's nature, had died with them in her hands, begging "Brother Jim" that he wear some always for her sake.

So on this especial morning James Carr worked for three hours, and then he glanced at the clock and went to the window. He was just in time to see her board a car at the corner. "How do I know but that she too loves the violets on account of some association?" and he put on his coat abstractedly and wandered out.

The next morning found him watching for her. She stopped at a flower stand on the corner and touched the violets, but shook her head in reply to the old woman's request that she buy.

However, Carr, watching intently, saw her slip a penny into the tin cup on the stand, and walk down the street. Carr went down and bought the largest bunch. "When the lady comes back give them to her. Do not tell her anything." The old woman chuckled and nodded and did as she was told. Carr, from his window, saw the whole proceeding; saw the violets proffered, and the girl take them, her face radiant, her eyes glistening; saw the eager questioning that ensued; and saw the girl go away at last, tucking the violets in her coat, and evidently convinced that the old woman herself was the donor.

That evening, for the first time, that he recollected, the violets fell from his coat. He missed them immediately and stopped to pick them up. He looked back and there was the girl, on her knees, gathering them up. He couldn't say anything; no, not now, so he turned and walked on.

That night he allowed an idea that came into his head to take root. At first he dismissed it, as though it pained him, and then, on second thought, he accepted it. On the morrow he would walk down the street in front of her again, purposely this time, and unpin the violets himself and let them fall. Surely, Little One would not mind. She would be pleased when she knew that they were for some one whom Brother Jim was certain, from the look in her eyes, must have suffered greatly; as much, though differently, as Little One herself.

But he was doomed to disappointment. The next day's watching was not rewarded; nor the next, nor yet the next. The days lengthened into a week, and the week into a fortnight, and he had almost despaired of ever seeing her again. At first he wondered if she were ill, and then if she had lost her position, and finally he stopped wondering at all, and with a regret laid her away upon a shelf of memory, and began to forget. Then quite suddenly, he discovered her walking along in front of him late one afternoon. He quickened his pace and passed her, and then deliberately unpinned Little One's violets and let them fall unheeded upon the pavement. At the corner he stopped and in a minute the girl had passed him, fastening the violets in her own coat as she walked. Carr noticed that she looked sadder than usual and when she looked up her eyes were larger and darker than of old. "She has been ill," he said, and, somehow, felt sorry that he had not known.

After this he contracted the habit of throwing the violets out of the window when he saw her coming each morning. One day the girl saw them fall. She looked up and encountered his eyes looking straight at her. But it didn't seem to occur to her that it was done purposely, and she stooped quite naturally, picked up the little posy and walked on.

It was sometime after this that he conceived a bolder plan. He selected the largest and handsomest bunch of violets from the stand on the corner, and setting out directly in front of the girl,



managed to slip them from their tinsel holder and drop them where she would be sure to see them. A moment later a timid touch on his arm caused him to turn and encounter the girl face to face, hers uplifted glowing, and the violets held toward him. "Pardon me, sir, but I think these belong to you," and then, on seeing his face plainly, "Why, it is the man with the violets," she exclaimed. Then covered with confusion, she was thrusting the violets toward him, when he said, "Won't you keep them? Indeed I do not want them for myself."

"I could not really; it would not be right," the girl said, but he thrust them gently back into her hand.

It was dark now, and Carr stepped back, but determined to see that she reached her home safely through the crowded streets, and he did go behind her a very long distance.

When he reached his rooms he walked straight up to the desk, in his bed room, and picked up a photograph which lay thereon. A handsome photograph of a handsome woman, whose supercilious gaze looked back at him with something of condescension. The world had dubbed Carr a "lucky chap," when four months before, his engagement to Cordelia Evans had been announced, with a great flourish of trumpets, in all the leading papers. Rich, handsome, the catch of the season, he too had thought himself fortunate, and had congratulated himself. Now on a sudden things began to look different, and he didn't feel quite so elated over his success. Opening a drawer he tossed the photograph in and turned out the light.

Sometime after, Carr, opening his morning paper, glanced over the first sheet and then threw it down with a gesture of disgust. There looking up at him was the immense newspaper cut of Cordelia Evans, "soon to marry Mr. James W. Carr," and likewise cuts and descriptions of her numerous gowns. His guardianship of the girl had been accepted and he walked home with her every night. That evening he was moody, and the girl was strangely silent during the walk home. The little sitting room in the down-

town flat had long since grown accustomed to his presence. This evening he came in and sat down with a weary gesture, suddenly realizing how dear it all had grown to him, and how soon it all must end. Silently the girl removed her hat, and then, standing behind him, she laid a paper in his lap, and then turning away, she walked over to the window, where she stood gazing out over the housetops and the lights murky in the fog. Carr saw Cordelia Evans looked boldly up from the sheet in his lap. Slowly he rose, and crossed the room.

"Dear," he began; but she interrupted him. "No, no," she sobbed, "I know I had no right to expect it from you, but oh! you might have told me before—before it was too late. It is so hard, so hard! Now please go away and leave me alone," and she leaned her head against the window pane and sobbed.

Carr stood looking at her a moment, and then he picked up his hat and started away. At the door, however, he paused and turned around. "I did not tell you, dear," he said, "because I was a coward, fearing that you would not let me see you, or come to you, or—love you. I know that you do love me, and dear, won't you marry me? I will break this hateful engagement, if only you will promise and will come to me." He was talking rapidly, and in a low tone, and as he spoke he drew nearer to her. The girl interrupted him with: "Oh! why do you tempt me? It is cruel. It is not right that you should speak so; it is not honorable to her."

"No," Carr repeated, "it is not honorable." He said it as one in a dream, his face wearing a cynical smile, and his eyes looking beyond her out into the fog. "Will you please go?" she repeated. He started and turned toward the door. At the head of the stairs he stopped and listened. A little cry broke the silence. "Jamie, Jamie"! He went back and lifting her gently in his strong arms, for a moment he held her close to his heart. Then he kissed her and left her.

"Isaiah," he said next morning, "you can countermand my order for a double supply of violets at Fletcher's. I shall want but one bunch each day." And Isaiah answered, "yes, sir," and went on unconcernedly dusting the chairs, secretly wondering what could have befallen the "boss."

Reaching up, he took down the photograph which had long since replaced Cordelia Evans'. The eyes, tender, reproachful, beautiful, gazed back at him. With a gentle reverence he kissed the picture, and hastily putting it in the drawer, he then returned Cordelia Evans' picture to its old place.

"Yes," he said to himself, "it is better so."

A month later Christmas bells were ringing. Glad faces met in the street. Old friends exchanged Christmas greetings. Little street arabs, though cold and hungry, looked into the fine shop windows with delight and "made tend" to themselves what they would buy and what "old Santy" would bring them.

James Carr had given his order at Tiffany's for Cordelia's Christmas present, and was hastening home when he saw coming the girl who had for a little while drawn his allegiance from the god of mammon. She did not see him. She was listening to a young man who was speaking vehemently. Carr did not hesitate. He stepped into a door till they passed and then followed the couple. He heard the man say: "You know I had not forgotten you. I was working too hard for me to doubt you or think you would doubt me. You know I am not the letter-writing sort. I told you I would come back Christmas ready for you, and here I am and our home is ready for you out there. Now, sweetheart, quit pouting. Don't pretend any longer. Can't we be married tomorrow and go home right away"?

Carr could not hear her answer, but he saw the man's happy face and he turned back with the old cynical smile.

Up stairs, in her room, the girl threw a picture with some faded violets into the fire. She took from her trunk another package containing the picture of the old lover who had come back to her out of the West, and said: "It is better so."

## CURRENT EVENTS.

ANNETTE I. MORTON.

### CANAL TREATY SIGNED.

The new Hay-Pauncefote treaty was quietly signed at Washington November 18. Lord Pauncefote, accompanied by Mr. Wyndham, the second secretary of the British embassy, drove to the State Department in the morning. These gentlemen held a conference with Mr. Hay for about half an hour and then Mr. Sydney Smith, chief of the Diplomatic Bureau of the State Department, was summoned. The American and British copies of the treaty were then spread out on the large table in the Diplomatic Room, and Mr. Smith attached the seal of the United States, and Mr. Wyndham, that of Great Britain. The documents were then signed by Mr. Hay and Lord Pauncefote. The only trace of ceremony connected with the proceeding was the traditional use of a silver extinguisher to snuff out the candle which had been used in melting the wax for the seals.

The text of the treaty will be kept secret until it is delivered to congress, though a summary of its points may be found in the papers.

### HAIL STORMS IN FRANCE.

The severe hailstorms which are constantly occurring in France are greatly damaging the crops and cost the grape-growers about seventeen million dollars a year. A congress to discuss the advisability of a wider and more systematic extension of the plan of firing cannon to disperse these storms is soon to meet at Beaujolais. Such a system has apparently proved successful in Italy.

An addition is being made to the St. Zornan Hospital at Stockholm, Sweden, for the treatment of certain diseases by means of artificial light.

"It is rather a singular coincidence that just about the time New York has placed its foot upon the head of Tammany, a snake with two heads, should appear in the Zoological Park."—*Chicago Post*.

#### CABLE CONNECTION WITH HAWAII.

Much satisfaction is expressed by the Hawaiians over the prospective cable which is to be laid between their islands and the United States. One of the reasons why President McKinley did not include these islands in his western tour last spring was that he would have been cut off from quick and direct communication with this country.

Liliuokalani, the former queen of Hawaii, has come to the United States to request the government to make good to her the loss of the revenues which would have come to her from the Hawaiian crown, and which amounted to about \$100,000 a year. The legislature of Hawaii offered her a pension of \$25,000 a year, but this she refused to accept on the ground that it would place her in the category with those persons receiving charity. The lands belonging to the crown of Hawaii include more than one million acres, and are valued at about \$15,000,000.

#### ALABAMA'S NEW CONSTITUTION.

Alabama has recently adopted a new constitution, the votes in its favor showing a majority of about 30,000. The fact that many of the former Populist leaders, like Mr. Kalb, supported the new constitution, made the white vote more solid than was expected during the debates in the convention.

#### THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY COMPLETED.

Within the last few weeks the last spike was driven into the Trans-Siberian railway, that great ribbon of iron which connects

St. Petersburg on the Atlantic side, with Vladivostock, a Siberian port on the Pacific coast. The connection is now complete, with the exception of a sixty-mile stretch across Lake Baikal, which at present is covered by great steamers, and in winter by ice breaking machines accommodating whole trains.

The Russian government is now building the railroad around the lake, so that it will not be dependent upon the steamship line for the conveyance of passengers and freight across the water. This great railway, with its branches, is about six thousand miles in length, and has largely been constructed by American engineers and with American material. The cars and locomotives used upon this line are almost entirely of American manufacture. The building of this railroad has been completed in ten years, the same length of time which was required to build the Canadian Pacific, a line only twenty-three hundred miles in length. The cost of construction will amount to between three hundred million and four hundred million dollars, but this vast expenditure, however, has already been justified by its value to trade, population and military defense. It is also unburdening the crowded lands of Russia. Already, nearly a million Russians have sought new homes in Siberia.

#### LI-HUNG-CHANG.

On the day in which Prince Li-Hung-Chang breathed his last, his death was made known to Peking by the burning of paper horses and chairs with coolie bearers. These, according to the Chinese custom, had been sent by the friends of the dying man in order to bear his soul to heaven. Such great and wise men as Grant, Gordon, and Bismarck have testified to the greatness of this Chinese Prince. Yet he always observed with the greatest care every custom and ceremony of his country. In his dress, his coiffure, and manner of living he was distinctly Chinese, but he was a statesman whom the world recognized.

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Electricity is fast coming to the aid of the overworked typewriter. Type-writing has become such an important factor in all large commercial houses in almost every country in the world—with the exception of Turkey, where use of the machines is forbidden by the Sultan because they are manufactured in the United States—that the application of electricity to the machine for the purpose of increasing its efficiency, will be gladly welcomed. In the new electrical device the physical force is supplied by an electric current acting through a magnet. The operator works with greater rapidity, for the keys fall to one-third the depth, with one-tenth the pressure required by the ordinary machine. It is claimed that electricity will secure uniformity of writing and that the light action will make it possible for the manipulator to use all his fingers. An increased current will print a dozen manifold copies with equal ease.

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AMONG OURSELVES.

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SADIE E. KLUTTZ.

The first annual "great event" of the school year **Adelphian** to new students is the reception given them by the **Reception**. Literary Societies.

That given by the Adelphians to their new members was held on the first floor of the Main building. As the hour approached, every one was filled with eager expectancy.

In the early part of the evening, each one was presented with a walnut, empty of what is usually found, but containing something of greater importance—the clue to one's partner. Within the shell was a tiny card inscribed with part of a proverb. In this way one was enabled to know her partner, whose nut shell contained the remainder of the proverb.

Some of the girls were ushered into Mr. Claxton's recitation room. This suggested nothing of school work or of psychologic research to determine "the difference between a June bug and a school-boy." They were given cards, bearing the title, "A Musical Romance." These contained questions and blanks to be filled with the names of songs which answered the questions. This proved to be a source of amusement, greater however, when it was made known that a prize would be offered for the best card.

An amusing feature of the evening was the filling out of other cards in the Administration Room. These furnished some personalities of poets whose names we were to guess from this suggestion:—"What's in a name!" And yet it is evident that Longfellow's name gave him the distinct individuality of being the tallest poet and Aikenside, poor fellow, of being the most distressed.

Miss Forte, the palmist, was very popular. And from early eve 'til late at night she was besieged by those miserable "*fortune seekers*." Hands were held up to her for inspection, with perhaps only one pleading question—"Will I *ever* get married, Miss Forte?"



Festoons of flowers hung from the walls and the soft glow of the Japanese lanterns in every nook and corner, illumined the dining-room, bringing to our glad eyes many things, which were a delight to the palate as well as to the eye.

When the announcement was made that the prizes would be awarded, we hastened to the Administration Room, eagerly waiting to catch one glimpse of "those people always so lucky." Miss Jones presented Seton Thompson's book—"The Trail of the Sand-hill Stag" to Lelia Styron, who was most successful with the poet cards.

Mona Harris being the successful one in "A Musical Romance," was presented with "Riley's Love Lyrics" by Prof. Joyner, who spoke briefly in his usual happy choice of words.

The close of the evening brought lingering regret as we bade farewell to these bowers of beauty and pleasure.

ANNIE M. KIZER, '04.

To the hearts of Cornelians, initiation always brings  
**Cornelian** the flutter of excitement that we felt when we stood  
**Reception.** before the door that unbarred the way to secrets behind.

On the eventful night, the initiates, dressed in their best, were introduced to the mysteries of society life. When the trying ordeal was over, we enjoyed a program of music, recitations, and a selection of "Gibson Pictures."

We then went to the dining-room, where we verily believed fairies had been. It was beautiful with roses, ferns, palms, couches, sofa pillows, bright rugs, and easy chairs; while beyond this were visible the tables tastily decorated.

The banquet was well served by Lila Austin and her corps of assistants. The menu consisted of salted peanuts, chicken-salad, wafers, pickle, ice cream, sherbet, cake, coffee, peppermints. Each person was given a dainty souvenir—her "destiny" tied to the Cornelian "C."

The banquet was made all the more enjoyable by music rendered by the Cornelian Orchestra.

The remainder of the evening was spent in delightful social intercourse.

We were glad to have with us members of the Faculty from both the Cornelian and the Adelphian Societies, also several former students.

All too soon the clock pointed to the small hours, and with a last "good-night," we left, wishing that Initiation came oftener.

R. K. W., '04.

The students and friends of the Normal College were delightfully entertained on the evening of November the fifteenth, in the College auditorium, with a recital of "To Have and to Hold," rendered most ably by the attractive reciter, Charles Williams.

Mr. Williams selected the scenes most vital to the story of Miss Johnston's interesting novel, and rendered them with ease and elegance, connecting them with a few words of explanation, thus enabling his audience to follow with interest and enthusiasm the whole story.

Mr. Williams' impersonations were clever, his rendering of the roles of the gallant Capt. Percy, and of the jovial minister Jeremy Sparrow being exceptionally fine.

The scenes were described effectively, and the characters sustained admirably during the recital. The interest of the audience reached a climax in the final scene, "Lady Percy and her husband meet in the woods."

At the close of the story Mr. Williams gave a few humorous and pathetic recitations, selected mostly from Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Dooly and Eugene Fields.

The applause bore evidence of the appreciation of those present.

One-third of the proceeds of the evening's entertainment was given to the Student's Building fund, to the satisfaction of all Normalites.

JESSIE I. WILLIAMS.

Mr. Henry Austin Clapp, a distinguished Shakespearian scholar of Boston, while in Greensboro visited our College and gave us a very interesting talk. Later, a number of our students had the pleasure of hearing his delightful and instructive lecture on "King Lear," given in the Opera House.

The members of the Greensboro churches have always been exceedingly kind in welcoming our students to their midst. This year has not been an exception. The First Baptist, the West Market Methodist, the Spring Garden Methodist and the Methodist Protestant churches have tendered delightful receptions to students and faculty belonging to their respective churches. All of these have been greatly enjoyed by the girls who were so fortunate as to be present.

#### Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Our Christian Association joined the Young Women's Associations throughout the world in observing the "Week of Prayer" November 10-16, 1901. Special prayer was offered for the extension of Christ's Kingdom and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the young women of the world.

Two Sunday evenings Dr. L. W. Crawford and Rev. T. M. Johnson, both of Greensboro, have preached for us. On a third Sunday Miss Lee gave a very interesting address on the "Evangelization of the World in this Generation."

The 10th of November we were invited to West Market Street Methodist Church to listen to a sermon addressed to the Young Woman's Christian Association, by the pastor, Dr. Turrentine, at the request of the Association at the Greensboro Female College.

Quite an interest is shown in our Bible Study classes, which have an enrollment of two hundred. We have fourteen different classes, one of which is a Mission Study class, under the direction of Miss Laura Coit. Professor Claxton's class is studying Deu-

teronomy, Isaiah and Job. Miss Mendenhall teaches Acts; Miss Boddie, the Teachings of Christ, and Miss Wiley, Genesis. Then we have nine classes studying the Life of Christ. They are conducted by Misses Lee, Josephine Coit, Nettie Allen, Annie Petty, Carraway, Watson, Pittman, Snyder, and Blanche Brown.

#### THE SOUTHERN YOUNG WOMENS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION CONFERENCE.

As the years of our life as a Young Womens' Christian Association pass by, we are impressed with the fact that the most earnest leaders of the Christian work of our college are those who have attended the Y. W. C. A. conferences. We have wondered what powerful influence had instilled into their lives so earnest a purpose. Those of us who were at the conference last year found, by happy experience, the source of that influence.

On June 19, 1901, Dr. Lawrence, President of the Normal and Collegiate Institute in Asheville, N. C., threw open the doors of that institution for the accommodation of the Southern Y. W. C. A. conference.

The purpose of this conference is to lift the young women to a higher plane of living and thus strengthen the christian work of the South. Miss Effie Kelly Price, the senior student secretary of the American Committee, was leader of the conference. One hundred and thirty delegates were present, representatives from Associations in the colleges of Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama.

North Carolina was well represented, there being delegates from the Associations of Greensboro Female College, Charlotte Presbyterian College for Women, Littleton Female College, Trinity, Peace Institute, and The State Normal and Industrial College.

The first period of each day's work was devoted to student conferences, in which we discussed the different departments of Association work. This was led by Miss Bridges, our Southern Secretary or by Miss Conde, Student Secretary of the American Com-

mittee. The next hour was given to Miss Blodgett's Bible Class, which was attended by the entire conference. Following this, Miss Sophia Lyon, secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, led the missionary conference. The afternoons were devoted to recreation. Delightful mountain drives and car rides were given for our enjoyment. During the evenings we listened to such speakers as Rev. John Timothy Stone, Dr. Charles Erdman, Mr. Robert E. Speer and Rev. R. G. Pearson.

One of the greatest privileges of the conference was the intercourse with other students, since all of us had been drawn together by a common aim.

Every one was impressed by the earnest missionary appeals made by those who had themselves worked among the heathen and had returned to tell others of this blessed service. A forceful message was delivered to us telling of the pressing need for christian workers and of the opportunities rapidly presenting themselves in the foreign field. It was made clear how the Master's command and the crying need of non-christian lands often constitute God's call, and we were not surprised when we learned that some of our number were even then summoned to prepare for doing the Master's work in foreign lands.

The Bible Class meant not only ten short lessons in the life of Christ, but it also meant to some of us the discovery of how we, as individuals, with the help of the Holy Spirit, might study God's Word and draw from it the strength necessary to the christian life.

I must speak of the last meeting of the conference where each of us told how the conference had helped her most. Some said it meant to them the knowledge of a fuller, more consecrated christian life; others that they had been helped most by the spiritual lessons drawn from Bible study. All felt grateful to God for those precious ten days during which the Holy Spirit had been at work in our hearts, helping some in one way, some in another.

During this time spent on the mountain side, surrounded by

beautiful scenery and enjoying intercourse with earnest christians, it seemed that the very atmosphere we breathed was life and spirit and love. When we descended from that height we went forth to our appointed tasks impressed with the reality of the power of Christ to beautify human life and to make it a channel for the transmission of His love.

NEITA WATSON, '02.

#### ATHLETIC NOTES.

“ Athletics and active College work go hand in hand.”

The “basket ball” season is once more upon us, and the prospects for the repetition of last year’s successes are bright.

While several of the girls who played on the “teams” failed to return, still we have abundant new material which bids fair to make the regulars hustle to hold their position.

Our association was organized by the class of 1900. Since the “trophy cup” was presented by this class, the spirit of athletics has steadily increased, and while we are proud of our present attainments in this field we feel that there is room for improvement.

There are a great number of girls who take no active part in Athletics. This is a mistake.

We have no gymnasium but that is no reason why we shouldn’t play basket ball; if you cannot play basket ball, then play tennis—which is just as invigorating. We are sure the Faculty will encourage these games.

The different basket ball teams have played nothing except practice games as yet, but we hope in the near future to have another such tournament as we had in May, 1901. There is no doubt about it, the class of 1904 must either keep the cup or some other team must win it. The teams have certain days in the week to practice, and come, “not too late and not too soon but just on time.”

To the new students and old, we say, let us endeavor to have a well regulated system of Athletics at the Normal for the years 1901-1902.

SELMA C. WEBB, '04.

## COMING AND GOING.

Miss Kirkland spent a few days with relatives and friends in Raleigh. She was accompanied home by her niece, Margaret Crow, who will spend some time with us.

It gave us great pleasure to have with us at initiation some of our graduates and former students; among these were : Laura Sanford, of Salisbury; Eunice Kirkpatrick, of Burlington; Sadie Haynes, of Mocksville; Mary Y. Ramsay, of Salisbury; Elise Sheppard, of Winston, and Eva Poindexter, of Winston.

Miss Ransom, daughter of Senator Ransom, was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. McIver a few weeks since and gave several of her friends genuine pleasure by her presence among us.

Mrs. R. A. Smith, accompanied by her son, Master Roger A. Smith, Jr., spent several days with her daughter, Miss Rosalie Smith.

Miss Eugenia Harris was called home by the sudden death of her father, Mr. Eugene L. Harris. Mr. Harris was a loyal alumnus of the University of North Carolina and for the past nine years has been a faithful officer of that institution.

Misses Katherine Davis and Cary Ogburn, who are teaching in High Point, spent a few days with friends in the College.

Dr. Edith Blackwell was called home suddenly by the death of her father, Mr. Samuel Charles Blackwell. Mr. Blackwell died in New York City, Oct. 26th, after a useful life of seventy-eight years. He was a man of remarkable purity and strength of character, esteemed and beloved by all who knew him. About twenty years ago he became treasurer of the Mexican and South American Telegraph Companies, New York, which position he continued to hold until his decease.

Rev. J. Y. H. Summerell, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Washington, N. C., spent the afternoon with his niece, Josephine Coit.

Mr. Robert Allen, of Reidsville, spent Sunday with his sister, Sarah Allen.

Mr. John T. Patrick, Industrial Agent of the Seaboard Air-Line, and a friend of the Normal, paid us a visit a few days ago.

Mrs. A. L. Harris, of Reidsville, better known to Normal girls as Tempe Parker, spent a short while with her cousin, Daphne Carraway.

Rev. William Watts Davidson, of the Congregational Church, New Haven, Conn., made us a short visit.

Prof. Holmes, of Elon College, was an interested visitor to our English and German Departments a few days ago.

Mrs. R. G. Pearson, of Asheville, while on her way to Raleigh, stopped over a few hours with friends and paid us a short visit.

Died, in our college, October 28th, 1901: Bettie W. Coward, of Ormondsville, Greene county, N. C., in the 19th year of her age.

#### RESOLUTIONS OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom has removed from our midst our esteemed classmate Bettie Coward;

*Resolved*—First, That in the death of Miss Coward the Class of 1904 has lost a faithful and loyal member, who by the sweetness and gentleness of her disposition won the love and respect of her classmates.

Second, That we extend to her bereaved loved ones our tenderest sympathy.

Third, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, another filed among the records of the Class, and a third be sent to the STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE.

NATHALIE SMITH, Chairman,  
MAUD HOYLE,  
BESSIE ELLIOT.



Died suddenly at his home in Lenoir, N. C., Dr. J. M. Spainhour.

THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.

November 14, 1901.

Whereas, The members of the Faculty of The State Normal and Industrial College learned with deep regret and a keen sense of personal sorrow of the death of Dr. J. M. Spainhour; and

Whereas, The intimate relations which for a number of years have existed between him and the members of the Faculty make it fitting that we record our appreciation of his faithful and efficient services; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That the wisdom, ability and fidelity which he, since the establishment of the College, has exercised as Secretary of the Board of Trustees, is and will be held in grateful remembrance.

*Resolved*, That in the death of Dr. Spainhour the Faculty realizes that it has lost a warm friend and a wise counsellor, the College a sympathetic supporter, and the cause of education an earnest advocate.

*Resolved*, That, in token of our appreciation of the services of the deceased, we cause a copy of these resolutions to be spread upon our Faculty minutes, and that, as a manifestation of our sympathy with the relatives and friends, a copy be sent to the bereaved family, and one to the state papers for publication.

J. Y. JOYNER,      C. R. BROWN,  
W. C. SMITH,      VIOLA BODDIE,  
T. G. PEARSON,    GERTRUDE W. MENDENHALL,  
Committee.

November 18, 1901.

DEATH OF DR. J. M. SPAINHOUR.

Students of The State Normal and Industrial College adopt Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, Death has visited the ranks of the Board of Directors of The State Normal and Industrial College and removed from their midst their honored Secretary, Dr. J. M. Spainhour; and

Whereas, The students of the College, having learned with deepest regret and sorrow of his death, desire to pay fitting tribute to his memory. Be it

*Resolved*—First, That his love for, and fidelity to the College, and the many services which he has rendered it will ever be held in grateful remembrance.

*Resolved*—Second, That, in the death of Dr. J. M. Spainhour, the College has lost a warm friend and faithful supporter and the cause of education a zealous advocate.

*Resolved*—Third, That, in testimony of the esteem and regard in which the deceased was held by the students of the College, and in token of their appreciation of the many services rendered them by him, they tender their heartfelt sympathy to the grief-stricken friends and loved ones.

*Resolved*—Fourth, That these resolutions be printed in the state papers, and a copy of them be sent to the bereaved family.

ANNETTE MORTON, }  
CATHERINE PACE, } Chairmen.

## ALUMNÆ AND FORMER STUDENTS.

DAISY LEE RANDLE.

- Clyde Cox is teaching at Coxville, N. C.
- Maud Dawson is teaching in Kinston, N. C.
- Rosa Quinerly is teaching at Repose, N. C.
- Margaret Hines is teaching at Worthville, N. C.
- Lillian Holt is teaching near Smithfield, N. C.
- Maggie Stanford is teaching in Cabarrus county.
- Mrs. Linda Singletary James lives at Waycross, N. C.
- Bertha Patrick is at Peace Institute this year.
- Catherine Smith, '01, is at school at Bristol, Tenn.
- Mrs. Lizzie Holt Moore is at her home in Faison, N. C.
- Mary Neel is a trained nurse in New York.
- Bessie Grierson is at her home in Mooresville, N. C.
- Mary Medearis is working for a firm in Winston, N. C.
- Lucy Bullock is teaching at her home in Williamsboro.
- Julia Glenn has a position as stenographer in Greensboro.
- Hattie Wallace is teaching a public school near Concord, N. C.
- Eva Poindexter is spending the winter at her home, Winston, N. C.
- Jennie Moyer is attending school at her home in Kinston, N. C.
- Annie James has a position as stenographer in Wilmington, N. C.
- Emma Parker, '99, is teaching in the Goldsboro Graded School.
- Sue Maxwell, now Mrs. Frank Morrison, lives near Concord, N. C.
- Eugenia Jamison is teaching a public school in Cabarrus county.
- Berta Sloop is spending the winter at her home near Mooresville, N. C.

Edith Randolph is teaching in the public schools of Asheville, N. C.

Sophronia Langston is teaching in the East Durham Graded School.

Isabel Pigford is teaching in the Salem High School, Sampson Co., N. C.

Maud Ferguson is attending school at Converse College this year.

Margaret Jarvis has a position as stenographer in Washington, N. C.

Marion Revelle is supply teacher in one of the Graded Schools of Winston.

Sallie Glass is spending the winter at her home in Blackwells, N. C.

Sadie Yokely is spending the winter at her home in Mount Airy, N. C.

Alice Green is teaching in the Union Graded School of Wilmington.

Margie Whitfield is teaching the Business Department at Catawba College.

Mary Shepard is teaching in the Hemenway Graded School of Wilmington.

Minna Bynum is at the University of North Carolina, taking a special course this year.

Mrs. Shell, nee Bricie DeArmond, of Huntersville, N. C., lives in Norfolk, Va.

Lillian Williams and Flossie Johnston are spending the winter at their homes in Mooresville.

Mrs. Mary Bradley Wilson has a little daughter. We are always glad to welcome the young "Normalites."

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Mamie Banner, who was our assistant Shorthand teacher last year, has a position as stenographer at Ossipee Mills.

Cornelia Michaux has a position as stenographer with the Cone Export Company of Greensboro.

Ethelind Pittman, Class of '02, was married Nov. 27, 1901, to Dr. Cyrus Sadler and will make her home in Baltimore. We congratulate Dr. Sadler on winning one of our girls and wish them both much success and happiness.

## EXCHANGES.

FLORENCE MAYERBERG.

One of the best articles among our exchanges this fall was "An Ascent of Mount Vesuvius," which came out in the last number of the *Spectrum*. The higher the writer climbed the deeper became our interest, until at last we stood with him at the mouth of the volcano, stifled by sulphur smoke—breathless, awe-struck. The account was so vividly written that it was with difficulty that the reader realized that she was in North Carolina and not at the summit of Vesuvius.

In the *Buff and Blue* for October, is the story of a dog—"Bunco," well and simply told. The "Liars' Club" shows well developed imaginative faculty on the part of the writer, and gives promise of a future fiction-writer on the Baron Munchausen order.

"A Journal of the Eighteenth Century," in the *Trinity Archive*, is interesting. It shows the nature of Dean Swift's famous "Journal to Stella," and throws a few side-lights on his character. "Pinno Cave" is a good bit of fiction—it holds the attention of the reader by its weird character.

*The Chisel* for October opens with verse—"Advice to the Girl of the Period." This is very good, and some of our always-busy, ever-weary students may profit by the lesson it contains. This magazine is one of our best exchanges. The article on Joan of Arc is well written, while the bits of fiction come up to the standard of the average college magazine.

The Book Review and the Art and Music Notes help the magazine considerably.

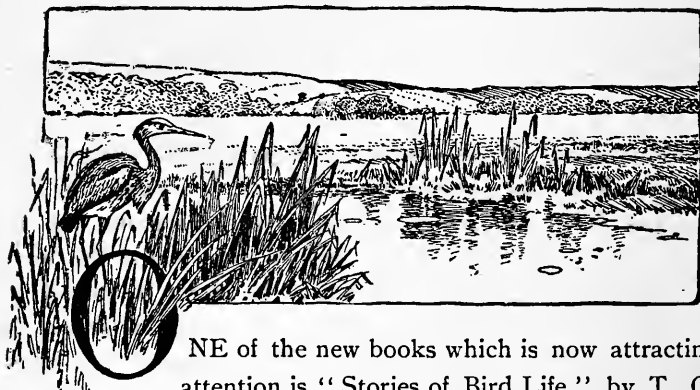
We welcome a new exchange—*The Messenger*, (Richmond College), which contains an interesting article on Lee as a College President.

The most noticeable article in *The Erskinian* for October is one on "Women in Modern Fiction." Different characters are mentioned and different types discussed, among them Allen's Miss Falconer and Conan Doyle's Mrs. Westinacott. The writer, evidently a man, seems puzzled and openly confesses to believing that "woman is a conundrum, unsolved, unfathomable, unapproachable."

"Saul of Tarsus," in the *Converse Concept* for November, is the best of the articles which have come under our observation this fall. The lecturer looks upon Paul, "not as a theologian, but as an orator, not as the inspirer of a new religion, but as the bravest of warriors, the greatest of heroes, the most wonderful of men." "A Tale of Two Cities," Salt Lake and Chinatown, is told in an interesting way. Altogether, this is by far the best number of the *Concept* we have seen in a long time.

*The Emerson College Magazine* for November contains an excellent article on "The Joy of Shaping," and a lecture, "Some Thoughts Upon the Orator," by Dr. Emerson, the president of Emerson College.

## LITERARY NOTES.



ONE of the new books which is now attracting our attention is "Stories of Bird Life," by T. Gilbert Pearson, Professor of Biology and Geology in The State Normal and Industrial College, Greensboro, N. C. With illustrations by and under the supervision of John Ridgeway. Richmond, B. F. Johnson Publishing Company.

Mr. Pearson knows birds and loves them. The B. F. Johnson Publishing Company knows its work and takes pride in presenting us with a dainty volume worthy of its contents. Many of the small illustrations throughout the book are the work of Miss Elsie Weatherly, of Greensboro, and a graduate of The State Normal and Industrial College. Thus we have some home-made art and literature which are excellent. All the cuts used in this article except the initial one were prepared by Miss Weatherly.

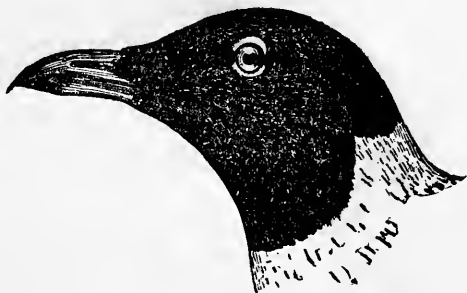
Many books have been written about the flora and fauna of the northern and western states, but, for the lack of a



Young egret: little legs, big feet.

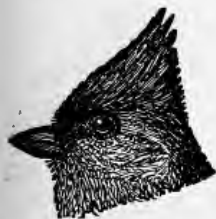


native spokesman, our southern flowers, birds and animals have not yet been properly introduced to the world. Mr. Pearson has done good service in entering this new and wide field. He wisely presents his first book to the children, though it is charming reading for grown ups.



Head of the laughing gull.

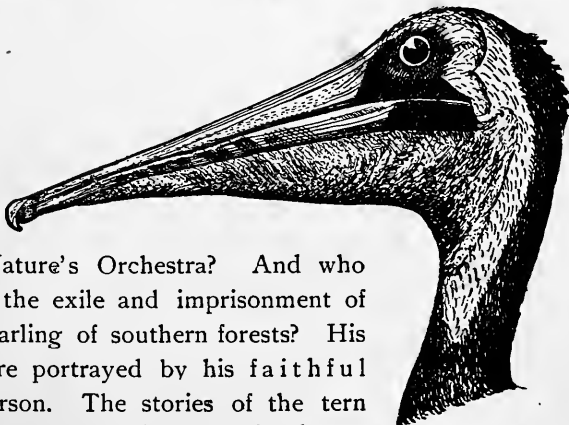
THE MAGAZINE is fortunate in securing a selection—Bob-White— with the illustrations, whose cuts are most generously furnished us by the B. F. Johnson Publishing Company.



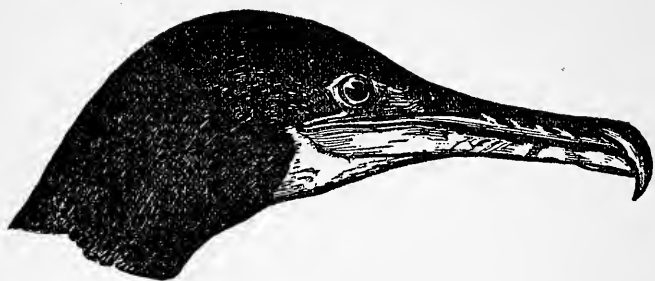
Head of tufted titmouse.

That story speaks for itself and will, we hope, secure many readers for the whole book.

Mr. Pearson's description of the Mocking Bird's song is specially happy. What southerner, luxuriating in this bird's music, does not recognize the rollicking, tuneful musician, the gay humorist, the leader of Nature's Orchestra? And who does not resent the exile and imprisonment of this confiding darling of southern forests? His characteristics are portrayed by his faithful friend, Mr. Pearson. The stories of the tern and of the egret must surely turn the hearts of some careless women to a sense of the cruelty practiced in order that they may adorn hat and bonnets.



Brown pelican, whose pouch under its bill will hold fifteen quarts.



Cormorant's head. The bird is an eel eater.

The book is both a pleasant and a valuable addition to the libraries of home and

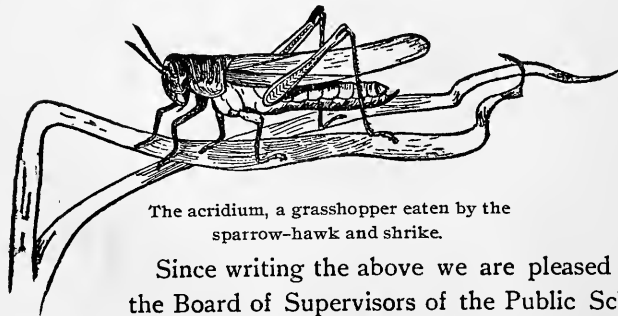
school, and let us hope that the author may be encouraged to continue his labors for the benefit of the birds and of the literary world.



' Jack swift,' lizard captured by the sparrow-hawk.



Tent caterpillar, eaten by the cuckoo.



The acridium, a grasshopper eaten by the sparrow-hawk and shrike.

Since writing the above we are pleased to learn that the Board of Supervisors of the Public Schools of Boston have voted to adopt Mr. Pearson's book for supplementary reading in the schools of that city.

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EDITORIALS.

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**The Students'  
Building.**

Many of our readers are ignorant of the fact or have forgotten that we expect soon to have constructed a building known as the Students' Building.

Feeling the great need for Society Halls and rooms for the Young Woman's Christian Association, and realizing the present inability of the Board of Directors to provide the same, the student body of the State Normal and Industrial College has determined that with the aid of their friends, they will erect a building which will meet the want. The intention is to erect a building costing not less than \$10,000. It shall contain two halls of sufficient capacity for each of the Literary Societies, a hall and reading-room for the Young Woman's Christian Association and an office for THE STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE. The third floor of this Students' Building will be furnished with alcoves, and used as a temporary dormitory for the convenience of former students on Commencement occasions. This is to be peculiarly the Students' building and will be erected by their contributions and through their efforts. It is intended to be a beautiful and useful gift to their Alma Mater and a noble monument to those who build it. This movement began in 1898, and since then we have raised in subscriptions and cash about seven thousand dollars.

If these subscriptions can be collected and others will aid us by their contributions, we can commence work immediately. It is our desire to have the walls erected and under cover when our former students and friends visit us at our next commencement. Send your contributions now and come then to rejoice with us in laying the corner-stone.

S. E. K., '02.

**Our Profession.**

Discussing the more thorough preparation of the school teacher naturally brings to mind the thought that there should be a standard by

which he or she should be tested. Lawyers, physicians, druggists and men of other professions cannot practice in our state without a license—that is, until they have gone to Raleigh and successfully passed the state examination.

Would we place our important affairs in the hands of a lawyer who could not plead for us? Would we allow a physician to attend one of our loved ones if we were not sure that he was thoroughly capable, or would the druggist who knows little, or practically nothing, about medicine be able to fill his prescriptions? No, you say, for he would *poison*. Then it is just as necessary that the teacher whom we employ should be capable of imparting knowledge, lest she poison the minds of our children who, while young, receive lasting impressions.

It is true that there is a state license which teachers are permitted to obtain, but they should be compelled to gain it before beginning the important duties which must be performed. They should at least be able to pass a thorough examination on the subjects taught in the public schools.

Unless our teachers, especially our women teachers, are given a higher salary for their services, they can not afford to get this license. It is a fact—a shameful one—that the common negro laboring in the cotton-field receives for his hire more than she. For possibly three or four months in each year the average woman teacher gets not more than \$30 per month. With this she must live for the whole twelve months. “Plain living and high thinking” is an old saying of beautiful sentiment, but only an Alcott or a Mary Mapes Dodge can successfully live it! In the community in which she works the teacher is looked up to. If in the country she must be dressed better than those around her, or if in the city her appearance must be as pleasing as that of her patrons. One who teaches a higher mode of living must necessarily live up to it, and it cannot be done without means. Let the state pay living salaries and let her exact efficiency in her servants. M. I. W., 03.

Reflecting upon the great knowledge possessed by **Microbes.** scientists, to-day, we can not repress a feeling of pity that our ancestors should have grown up, unprotected by sterilized water, antiseptic appliances and "good sanitary conditions" impossible then. Indeed, it brings a feeling of wonder that whole-souled, able-bodied men like these, could have developed, as they did, in blissful ignorance of the myriads of microbes feeding upon their vitals.

In those days the children ate grapes all day, unaware that they were tempting death from appendicitis, and the ladies would have been insulted if told that their pockets in which they kept their dainty handkerchiefs, furnished a hiding-place for germs. Long skirts must not be worn on any account. For, consider the multitude of germs, of various shapes and sizes, that one may sweep from the sidewalk, which seems to be the especial lair of these beasts. Everything is contagious from consumption down to the slightest cold, and it is becoming a question, whether physicians shall visit their patients, when suffering from these complaints. Germs are so numerous that we may say of them, "They are." Water can not wash them away. Indeed, water itself must be sterilized before it can be used—for drinking purposes. Fire is the only Waterloo of this enemy. Judging from present tendency, in future years, Mark Twain's or John Stoddard's jokes on cleanliness will be pointless unless the social life of the times is looked up.

The clothes of man, the bread he eats, the air he breathes, are all reeking with germs. How hard that the man, who makes only a bare living must perish because he cannot afford to have his "Lares and Penates" fumigated, sterilized or filtrated, in order that bacilli may be exterminated!

Precaution is necessary—so are good sanitary conditions, but we had better die of the poisonous germs than to spend our lives in fear of them. Let us be careful, let us be cleanly, but pray let us be reasonable. The state of public sentiment on this question is brought out by a London physician, writing to *The Times*. He

says: "Everything we eat and drink and wear runs the gauntlet of germs to an extent that nervous people had better not contemplate. Far too much is made of them. If we listened to all these scares there would be nothing to do but get into a bath of carbolic acid and stop there until freed from the dangers of life."

We may echo his words. Life presents so many dangers that we may run into Charybdis, in trying to escape Scylla. We may avoid both extremes and find comfort and safety in the Bath. Spell it with capitals and believe the sublime precept that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

S. P. T.

What state except Virginia in all the United States has more great men to adorn the annals of history, whose names should be handed down to posterity as makers of history, and not only makers of history, but makers, and we might add, saviors of their country: I say,—what state can boast of such men more than North Carolina? In the struggle for freedom from the unjust sovereignty of England, what state furnished more brave men than North Carolina? After freedom had been gained and the colonies were struggling to secure a united government, did not North Carolina furnish some of the ablest thinkers and workers in securing that blessed union we now enjoy? In the late Civil War, did not North Carolina furnish even more than her share of soldiers to fight for what she believed to be right? And yet, what state has been so slow to recognize the greatness of these men, or if the state itself recognizes their greatness, she has been slow to proclaim it to the world, and in many ways fails to honor them as she should.

Such men as William R. Davie, Nathaniel Macon, Archibald D. Murphy, William Gaston, Thomas Ruffin, Calvin H. Wiley, and many others we could name, who labored for the upbuilding of our state and nation in its infancy; all of whom have passed away, but their memory should be kept fresh, and it is only due that their resting places should be marked by some sign of respect and honor.

The graves of many of the above named, and others also, are neglected and marked by not even a stone slab. Is this right? Many of our Confederate heroes lie in unknown graves. Can this be remedied?

We are glad to state that North Carolina is awakening to the fact that these heroes should be honored even in death, and a movement is on foot now to reclaim these neglected graves, and erect suitable monuments to their memory. One we have in mind just now is that of Nathaniel Macon in Warren county, and we think it right that his native county and the state, should honor one of her greatest heroes.

Archibald D. Murphy lies buried in the Presbyterian church yard in Hillsboro. No monument marks his resting place. William R. Davie, the real instigator and founder of the University of North Carolina, is buried in South Carolina, where he spent his last days. There is a monument to his memory, but on it is no reference to the fact that he spent his life in the service of North Carolina. Did North Carolina erect it or take any part in its erection?

Has the University erected any monument in honor of its "Father?"

How many of our heroes lie in unknown and unmarked graves?

We all recognize the greatness of the work that the Daughters of the Confederacy are doing in the South and in our own state as well, in caring for the graves of our Confederate heroes, and searching for those still unknown. We hope this movement will go on till no state in the Union can be said to be more patriotic, more loyal, and to honor her dead heroes more than the "Old North State."

D. L. R., '03.

## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

SALLIE P. TUCKER.

## A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

Oh! the Roman was a rogue,  
He erat, was, you bettum;  
He ran his automobilis  
And smoked his cigarrettum;  
He wore a diamond studibus,  
An elegant cravattum,  
A maxima cum laude shirt,  
And *such* a stylish hattum!

He loved the luscious hic-hæc-hock,  
And bet on games and equi;  
At times he won; at others, tho,  
He got it in the nequi,  
He winked (quo usque tandem?)  
At puellas on the Forum,  
And sometimes even made  
Those goo-goo oculorum!

He frequently was seen  
At combats gladiatorial,  
And ate enough to feed  
Ten boarders at Memorial.  
He often went on sprees,  
And said, on reaching homus,  
“Hic labor—opus est,  
Oh, where’s my—hic—hic—domus?”

Altho he lived in Rome—  
Of all the arts the middle—  
He was (excuse the phrase)  
A horrid individ’l;  
Ah! what a diff’rent thing  
Was the homo (dative, hominy)  
Of far-away B. C.  
From us of Anno Domini.

—*Harvard Lampoon*.



A lady in the Waldorf-Astoria informed a friend that they were going to build a sub-cutaneous railway. "Then," said a man standing by, "they will need a spinal stairway."

Freshman: Who is "The Man With The Hoe?"

Wise Sophomore: Why, he is the man with the *sabots* without any hose.

Two boys were boasting each of the superiority of his own watch. One said he could play base-ball with his. The other said he threw his at a rabbit and it didn't stop running. "That was a hair-spring watch," his friend replied.

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#### SENIORHOOD.

Breathes there a girl with soul so dead,

Who never to herself has said?

"This is my last year at College."

Whose heart within her ne'er has burned,

To make up what she's left unlearned

And leave her impress on the College,

As one who had a power of knowledge.

And longs her stored-up power to prove,

To try her skill, the world to move.

The way was hard; there may be one

Who skipped a lesson "just for fun."

Mayhap her record of work passed o'er

Ne'r reached the passing height of four.

If such there be, go now and say:

"You'll never see graduation day;

For you no diploma will be wrote,

No future prophesied your ear will note,

The faculty will drag you down in shame,

And from class records erase your name.

Be now advised; retrace the way,

Tarry not with idlers, who delay.

But make them up and be thou quick,

And show them that you know the trick,

Howe'er so deep the ignorance you've known,  
If you your way o'er these have gone,  
The faculty will hold you then as one,  
Unwept, unhonored, still, but done."

---

#### PROGRESS OF SCHLEY CASE.

I've read the Schley case every day  
And weighed the evidence;  
I've calmly tried to figure out  
The wherefore and the whence.  
I've tried to learn the truth about  
The loop they say was made;  
I've read through all the papers  
Of the part the Brooklyn played;  
And the only thing I'm certain of  
Are that the charts are wrong,  
And that the smoke was thick enough  
To shovel right along.  
I've learned that naval officers  
Are reckless on the guess—  
What Higgins calls a mile, Magee  
Calls fifty yards or less.  
I've learned that eighty tons of coal  
Will last a ship a day,  
And that it takes three hundred tons  
To steam ten knots away.  
I've learned that in a battle all  
The captains go ahead,  
Each one his own commander, by  
No higher leader lead;  
And that the fearless admiral,  
Who always keeps in sight,  
Gives signals to the rest of them,  
And so directs the fight.  
I've learned that when it's over, when  
The battle has been won,  
The hard work of the heroes has,  
In fact, but just begun;

And I've found out that the fellow who  
 Was right there on the spot  
 Knows just as much about it  
 As the people who were not.

—*Ex.*

Some years hence a great pedagogical leader, Miss M——, '02, will publish an Arithmetic, containing some such object lesson as this—

*Least Common Multiple :*

A boy had one biscuit and a spoonful of gravy. As it happened the gravy gave out before the biscuit, and he said: "Please pass me the gravy; I want to finish this biscuit." Soon the biscuit gave out and he took another to finish the gravy. He continued this process until both sides came out even.

ENCYCLOPEDIÆ NORMALIS.

*Musica.* MUSIC. Botanical series, that of Cryptogamous, or flowerless plants. All varieties are very pleasant unless "run in the ground." There are a great many varieties. Those found at the Normal we give in this order:

MUSICA VOCALIS, common name, vocal music. This is cultivated in Mr. Brown's room and thrives especially with Freshmen and Sophomores. It is found, occasionally, down in the park at walking period.

MUSICA PER VOCALIS, or special vocal. This is the same plant very highly cultivated and forced.

MUSICA VIOLINIANNA. Under this we include all varieties of stringed music. A fine collection called "The Orchestra" may be found in Mr. Brockmann's room. It is found also at times in the chapel and in the laboratory.

MUSICA PIANISSIMA. This is by far the most common. It is found all over the "Hill." It is native to the chapel and music rooms of the main building, and also to the parlors of the several dormitories. It is rapidly spreading, having been introduced into the corner of the dining room, up on the Third Floor, and in other places.

MUSICA PEDIS SALTATUS. This special variety is very important. It grows wild in Mr. Claxton's room every Friday night. Like the Hashish of the Orient, it has a remarkable effect upon young people. Immediately upon being imbued with it, they embrace and fly madly over the floor. This seems to be the favorite kind at the Normal, and elsewhere.

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There was a young Thanksgiving turque  
Who had an antipathy to worque;  
He strutted about  
All in a pout  
Till his head came off with a jerque.

—*The Practical Age.*

---

Our good cook, "Uncle Henderson," says "dat simon sallet was too rich for dem girls."

Have you had salmon salad, girls? Don't all speak at once.

# Good King Wenceslas.

From the Latin.

J. M. NEALE.

*Chorus.*

- † 1. Good King Wen-ces - las looked out, On the feast of Steph - en,
2. "Hith-er, page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing,
- \* 3. "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hith - er:
- † 4. "Sire, the night is dark - er now, And the wind blows strong-er;
- † 5. In his mas - ter's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dint - ed;

When the snow lay round a - bout, Deep, and crisp and ev - en:  
 You - der peas - ant, who is he? Where and what his dwell - ing?"  
 Thou and I will see him dine, When we bear them thith - er."  
 Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no long - er."  
 Heat was in the ve - ry sod Which the saint had print - ed.

Bright - ly shone the moon that night, Tho' the frost was cru - el,  
 † "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the mou - n - tain,  
 Page and mon - arch forth they went, Forth they went to - geth - er;  
 \* "Mark my foot - steps, good my page; Tread thou in them bold - ly:  
 There - fore, Christ - ian men, be sure, Wealth or rank pos - sess - ing,

When a poor man came in sight, Gathering winter fu - - el.  
 Right a - gainst the for - est fence, By Saint Agnes' foun - - tain."  
 Tho' the rude wind's wild lament And the bit - ter weath - - er.  
 Thou shalt find the winter's rage Freeze thy blood less cold - - ly."  
 Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall yourselves find bless - ing.

[illegible]



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